

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

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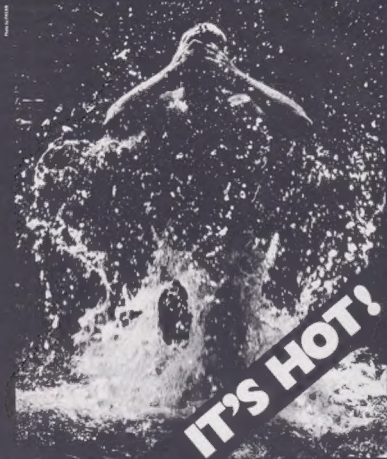
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1979

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CALENDAR!**

ISSUE 26

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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



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DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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TYPESETTING MARI ANDERSON

GETTING OFF

As DRUMMER welcomes the new year with Issue 26, it wouldn't hurt to stop for a moment and remember some of the high and low points of the old year. Not all the events of 1978 were too jubilant: some political losses around the country, the tragedy here in San Francisco in November which lost us two good friends in higher circles. But we also can remember the triumphant Gay Pride week, the successful trouncing of John Briggs' misbegotten Proposition 6 in California. The win in Seattle, Anita's fall from grace, the magnificent candlelight march of the 30,000 gays to commemorate the passing of Harvey Milk and George Moscone as well as the promise to march on Washington D.C. July 4th in Harvey's name. And thanks to home, DRUMMER celebrated its third anniversary.

DRUMMER's Christmas Issue (No. 25) was our biggest press run and the fattest DRUMMER to date. This issue is only eight pages lighter, has a longer press run and contains our annual calendar, this time filled with the art of the one and only HARRY BUSH. There is far too little of Harry's work around and we are proud to bring you these new drawings.

The ALTERNATE is enjoying a facelift and a resultant increase in circulation. We knew we had the formula. It was merely a matter of format. DRUMMER has had a number of renovations in these three years, most of them, we assume, being in the right direction. We have attracted more new talent, artists, photographers and writers in our field than we knew existed. And we have published more of them, we believe, than any other gay publication. Judging from the irate calls when readers can't find us on the stands, somebody out there must like us.

In the area of politics, in Gay liberation and in our own publishing there is much left to do. We just received PLAYBOY's twenty-fifth anniversary issue, which reminds us just how far gay publishing has to go. Over 400 pages crammed with advertising, for one thing, and excellent graphics, writing by America's top names creating a breathtaking result. Our humble congratulations to publisher Hugh Hefner and his far flung organization. Playboy has accomplished much good in the area of civil rights, first amendment rights and even gay rights. It is a powerful and beautiful beacon for personal freedom in the overcast created by the right-wing Law'norder crowd. May the Bunny enjoy another twenty-five bountiful years.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

SON OF DRUMMER — A BUMMER

About two weeks ago I received SON OF DRUMMER in the mail. My issue was cover-priced at \$4.95. I had ordered my copy on 3/14/78 and had written to you when it had not yet appeared in print on 6/13/78. I even talked to a couple of you guys on the phone and I was told that it (SON OF DRUMMER) had turned into a much LARGER issue because there was so much good stuff to put into it and that the wait would be worth the result.

I think I've been bullshitted. Not only was the flimsy little tabloid I got a big disappointment, but I didn't even "save a buck on our pre-published price..." as the ad read, for ordering months in advance. It doesn't even rate in quality or size to THE BEST OF AND THE WORST OF DRUMMER, and it's offered for six dollars (the original cover price). Don't misunderstand me. The quality of the material in SON OF DRUMMER is very good. But what the hell happened to the rest of it!

In my estimation, I think you owe a lot of guys who are loyal DRUMMER readers and subscribers an explanation at the very least. And sticking an issue of ALTERNATE in the envelope along with S of D isn't what I want. It also doesn't help when each succeeding issue of DRUMMER seems to take a little longer in coming. I think it goes without saying that you guys have got the best leather oriented mag around and that a lot of leather minded men dig the hell out of it. Why fuck it up?

I'd like a reply to this letter if at all possible. Maybe I missed something.

John
Springfield, OHIO

Thank you for your letter.

We couldn't agree with you more. SON OF DRUMMER was a big disappointment to us, especially since it was so long in the making. Because it called for sixteen pages of color, we turned to larger publishing houses to produce it. First Mandate accepted it, then upon delivery in New York, rejected it as "not in their image." Blueboy Magazine in Miami then accepted it and sent it to New York to be printed. This process lasted a full three months before we saw proofs. We made our corrections, and upon Blueboy's insistence, we deleted the centerfold and lowered the price of 4.95. Months more went by and no magazines. Then we discovered that SON OF DRUMMER was on newstands from coast to coast alongside Blueboy. And did the complaints ever come in. We complained ourselves about the quality of the publishing (thin paper, bad color, wrong color). To date, we have received no copies of the magazine from Blueboy, nor money, nor even our artwork back. Lit-

igation is in process and we have learned our lesson. DRUMMER will publish its own material henceforth. Unfortunately the poor quality of SON OF DRUMMER does reflect on DRUMMER, not Blueboy.

As for your purchase, we went out and bought copies from a distributor to fulfill our direct mail obligations. Those who purchased the magazine from us for more than the cover price, got refunds.

Of the major gay publications in the country today, DRUMMER is gay owned and operates without outside money. We either make it or fail, completely on our own. In a business strewn with the bones of defunct publications, DRUMMER's success is unusual, particularly without either a straight or gay personal fortune to depend on. Not too many gay publications are gay-owned, either.

Our subscribers and readers will note that DRUMMER's publishing schedule is picking up and issues are being released much closer to our monthly deadline. This is happening mainly because of loyal and interested persons like you who identify with our efforts.

KUDOS

DRUMMER is the best damn magazine in America. Period. Hot men, hot photos, hot and well-written articles — it gets better every issue, unlike those other "gay" rags with their gauzy and "aesthetic" shots of guys trying to look nonchalant. Your men are for real. Jack Fritscher's extended dialogue with the NYC bondage master in Issue No. 24 was especially right on. More, more! The same issue's "Drummer Inspects the Quarters" was a masterwork of docu-sex. I have a subscription — I think (several months and a few unanswered letters passed before my first issue — 20 — arrived. Since then they've been coming regularly). Let me know when my subscription is up for renewal. I don't want to miss an issue.

I agree with the letter from "Y" in Issue No. 24 — a hot, tied-down session or article on college fraternity (or otherwise) initiation would be tremendous. And when will the long awaited "Movie Mayhem" book be available? I wish you'd bring that feature back to DRUMMER.

G.W.
St. Louis, MO

LIBRARY APPEAL

By chance, into our collection of political and social materials have come four issues of your magazine *Drummer*, and it occurred to me to wonder if any library is collecting it. I would be inclined to say no, for it is disturbing to the uninformed. However, it has happened too many times in history that some book or publication was considered disturbing and

either ignored or destroyed and is unknown to the present time except only by its name and the fact of its former existence. I feel that this might be the case with the magazine *Drummer* and that in future years it might be unavailable for those who wish to look for it.

Thus, I am writing this letter to ask if it be possible for you to send us the back issues we do not have and to give us a subscription. Unfortunately, I am not allotted funds for the collection, and your magazine is expensive by the standard of other magazines, so I must rely on your generosity. If you are able to send us the back issues and/or a subscription, I would be most grateful. If not, still I will thank you for your time in considering this request.

Special Collections
(Political Ephemerata)
Tulane University Library
New Orleans, LA

(Editor's Note: A subscription has been secured for the Tulane University Library. However, other readers and subscribers might consider donating a gift subscription to their alumni library. Drummer suggests you query the appropriate department head first, to insure that a subscription would be accepted. Libraries that have sociological, sexual, or political collections would be the most prone to acceptance.)

BEAT-OFF BARGAIN

Yeah, I know the rules say 25c for each letter forwarded, but I have no coins and maybe the buck will bring me luck ("such luck"?). Also, it's a small way of expressing thanks to a super hot magazine that I can't subscribe to (undependable deliveries), but that I look forward to every month. The writing gets better & better (Jack Fritscher & Geo. Misa are major talents) and the photography & art are sure-fire turn-ons. Why do you put "Outrageous" under the cover price? \$2.95 is the biggest beat-off bargain anywhere! Best wishes for continued success and inspiration! And wish me luck with my very first Pen-Pal (Penis-Pal?) . . .

Dick
New York, NY

AMSTERDAM/BERLIN CALLING

Thought you might like a little rundown on the scene as I found it in AMS and in Berlin. — Perhaps it would be good for some of your stuff in *DRUMMER*. Also, *DRUMMER* is still on sale at Christine le Duc shops in AMS, a chain, but not at all in Berlin, and there is some demand for it in that latter city.

ORFEO hotel in AMS is still tops, and probably best of our hotels in the world. Ran into Bob Regal coming down the stairs, great surprise. Owners of the hotel have opened a new sandwich shop/bar called the Cafe Floré, very good and friendly. A few new rooms above this to add to the small hotel.

While three bars in AMS now claim to be leather, the "LL" truly isn't, since it's drinks et al, show, and two very big and

so elegant — An elegant leather bar????? However the "LL" runs a monthly Leather Party in a nearby loft building that is a killer; booths, disco, prizes, lighting, jam-packed black rooms. Goes on all night. People from all over Europe come to these parties, especially from nearby Germany. There is a list of Dates for the year published via a small poster, but I didn't get it. Suggest people look the parties up when they are in Amsterdam. On Saturday Nights, and wild.

The TIKI BAR on Kerkstraat went leather just after the first of this year when an especially popular bartender was employed to manage it. He has left now, but the bar is fairly good, small, and with a small fairly good black room.

The ARGOS BAR, original one, was purchased in January by another popular bartender and has been freshened up to look quite acceptable. It is by far the top place in town, and truly quite good now. It is just down a small alley from a police station in the so called redlight section. In fact the police can look out their window and see the front door, in front of which all sorts of delightful things happen quite often. Good things happen inside, also. The crowd is the very best calibre and often you must use a shoe horn to get in. The two most beloved bartenders in town work the bar, the ones mentioned previously. It's about a 20 minute walk from the ORFEO and the theater center of town, and a bit hard to find, but the police will gladly direct you there.

The rather famous ARGOS (HOTEL) BAR has gone out of business and the building has been completely remodeled into apartments. It seems the bar with its justly famous basement blackroom operated for over a year without a license. Supposedly the former owner is going to open up a new place, knowing him he probably will. Sorry to see this go. I stayed at the hotel 16 years ago, on my first trip to AMS, with great fun.

The scene in AMS is still great, straightforward, and full of fun. Everybody is just themselves.

Now for Berlin, there are essentially two main leather bars, and one now rather defunct bar that is trying to resurrect itself.

For a number of years the S-Bar Quelle has been gay and the last few years leather. However, they got into problems with middle east people and Hash, and the leather crowd stopped going there. One of the owners, who is an especially friendly guy took over and is trying to rebuild the clientele, with not too much success as yet. The bar is very close to K-Dam, and the Zoo RR station, well located. Small, not particularly beautiful, but cozy. (Zoo station is a very central point for orientation.)

The second bar is the BUDDY, a little bit out, about 20 minutes walking from Zoo Station. It's a good big bar with attractive decoration and a fair crowd except for Tuesday night when it is jam-packed, body to body. That night they show porno movies. Reaction to the movies is most interesting, all gets very

quiet and solemn during the FF sequences. There is a black room in the basement.

The third bar, the Knolle is considered by far the best and the very most in bike and leather bar. Again it is a little way from Zoo, about 25 minutes walking, or 3 subway stops. The bar is attractive, with rooms on two levels, each fairly good sized for Europe. Certainly the crowd is the best here in all ways, as are the bartenders. This is where you'll find the in crowd. Again a good blackroom in the basement.

In East Berlin there are at least two gay bars, but none that could in anyway be called leather. In fact these two are truly mixed and very quiet and discreet. Not really much fun to visit. Light, not very good beer, and very very little English. Both are located near Friedrichstrasse station.

The leather bars in AMS and in Berlin are very late, and very quiet until 12 Mid-night. Bars close about 2:30 in AMS. They don't close at all in Berlin until the people clear out — which is generally 4 AM or later.

Actually I do think there is a lot of just dressing in Berlin. The people don't truly seem to be "into" leather and bikes, not that some aren't. Yet there are a great many young people who seem to be there just because it is the thing to do to wear leather and go to these places. Of course many many have leather for everyday wear because of the climate in Berlin — and it is nothing specially to wear it.

Hope the above is of interest and possible use to you.

Ted
Los Angeles, CA

WHERE AND WHEN?

I have just read issue No. 24 of *DRUMMER* and found it a real turn on especially the article on the Quarters and the article on Bondage. I have been a regular reader of *DRUMMER* from the beginning and find it generally good. What happened though to the story Trapped by Houston Smith. The installment in issue 22 ended with "to be continued" but we haven't heard anymore since. Did I miss something?

Would like more fiction by Orlando Paris especially involving water sports. How about a special issue devoted to S&M and the young adult gay. Include fiction/true stories of training etc., fathers training their sons, etc. I'd like to see more of this in *DRUMMER*.

J.R.
New Jersey

BEST EVER

Issue No. 24 just arrived today and it's your best ever! The articles on *Bondage* and *The Quarters Academy* were far-fucking out, not to mention your best cover photo ever, the NYC Biker-Fore-Hire.

I hope to never miss an issue!

J.M.
San Jose, CA

NATIONAL

GRAND

By Jack Fritscher

PHOTO ESSAY BY DAVID SPARROW

DRUMMER 8



DRAWING BY A. JAY

L RODEO

COMES A HORSEMAN: COWBOYS AND MOUNTIES

San Francisco, Cow Palace, 34th GRAND NATIONAL RODEO, Thursday: Cattlemen's Night. The 4WD trucks and horse vans stand empty in the foggy parking lot next to hot steaming piles of manured straw. The nightwind breeds a chill. Inside the Cow Palace, working cowboys have shelled out up to eight bucks a head for box seats to watch the show cowboys strut their stuff in the annual Grand National.

Over the Cow Palace entrance, a huge inflated bull rocks gently in the Bay breeze, tugging at its silver guywires. A San Francisco cop, stepping out for a smoke, sets his highpolished boot down in the middle of a hot horse clot. He says, "Shit" and doesn't give a fuck who hears. He's a City cop, after all, and he's watched over these cowjockeys running their own slick show for over a week.

COWBOY FIGHT NIGHT

On top if it all, tonight, Thursday, Cattlemen's Night is COWBOY FIGHT NIGHT. That's all the City cop needs: cowboy fights. That's what sounds real revved up to me. So I head off to a special concession stand to check out the two charity boxing bouts.

"Sounds unsanctioned to me," I say to the cowboy behind the Magic Marker "Cowboy Fight Night" sign that says two bucks.

"Went to 3 AM last year," he smiles. The blond cowgirl on his hip is all teeth and Dentine. "Ah lahked hit," she says.

"So what's the card?" I ask. "First bout's between a rodeo cowboy and a working cowboy. The second's between a rodeo cowboy and one of them Royal Canadian Police."

"Till 3 AM?" "Ah luved it," the blond says. "A-corse hit went on way tchew long. All that sweat 'n blood."

"Two bucks, huh?" "They jes' beat the bejesus outta one 'nother," she says, "but hit's fer a real good cause." She pops her Dentine. "Cancer."

"Terrific," I say. Would a man trust those big white teeth anywhere near his dick?

"Ya wanna buy a bumper sticker," she says.

Her good old boy is taking aim at the floor with a good thick hawk of Red Man Chew.

I read the stickers. They're good index

of cowboy head: WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA BE A COWBOY; TEAM ROPERS GET IT TOGETHER; I'M A ROPE-A-HOLIC.

"Ah lahk this 'un," she says. "Ain't it kewt?" She holds up a red-on-white label: IT'S CUDDLIN' COWBOYS I LIKE. "Which'un yew lahk, Del?" she asks.

Young Del, coming up with another long-distance chaw, just points at: TO ALL YOU VIRGINS, THANKS FOR NOTHIN'.

"Which'un yew lahk?" "I hand her a buck. 'This one,' I say. "Oh, that's real kewt," she says.

It's a bumper sticker for my '66 Ford pickup: ONLY COWBOYS ARE TOUGH ENOUGH TO GET ENOUGH.

Young Del just spits off a hefty brown spurt.

"Which way's the Royal Canadian Mounted Police?" I ask. *Royal Canadian Mounted Police*: I like saying those words. They roll easy off the tongue.

"Yew jes' folla the whatt lahn, darlin'."

COWBODY PISS

The hall circling the Cow Palace is jammed with milling cowboys and their bandana women. These guys are authentic: working cowboys. Every direction's a sea of cowboy hats. Tall fuckers. Straight as sticks. A different DNA structure: taller than average, weathered WASPs. This is their place. Good faces. Hands cracked dry. Nails split. They cup the matches instinctively against the non-existent wind to light the Winston's stuck in their mouths. Marlboro may have the image, but these cowboys prefer Winston's.

They stand in groups, shuffling their scuffed pointed-toe boots. New jeans, unwashed, hang baggy and stiff off their butts. They favor western shirts tucked into tooled belts. They move their big bodies easy inside their downfilled quilted jackets. And on top of everything rides the peacockery of straw and felt and feathered cowboy hats.

I hit the toilet. Seven white porcelain troughs, eight feet long, hang around the busy room. The men smoke, very intent on their business in hand. Talk stops when cowboys piss. Piss is serious business that a man works out alone standing shoulder to shoulder with other men. Caught in the middle of all this handheld pissing

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cowboy meat, I develop peripheral vision better than a walleyed pike.

I pretend I'm pee-shy and hang onto my dick pulled out of my 507's through a hole cut in the pouch of my jockstrap. The cowboy on the right pisses like a horse. The cowboy on my left stands cupping his joint, waiting to piss a good healthy piss tanked up from matching his buddies beer for beer. All around us in the cold tile room is silence: only boots shuffling into place to piss; only the sound of zippers and buttonflies being opened and closed; only the insistent splash of hot beer piss streaming golden down the urinals, lengthy enough to lay a man back into; only the occasional hiss as a burning butt lands in the streaming piss, turns soggy grey, then brown, then disintegrates down to its filter tip, swirling in the vortex of cowboy piss circling down the bubbling brass drain screen.

Above my head a sign reads: **WATER CONSERVATION. THE FLUSHING OF THESE URINALS IS CONTROLLED BY TIMERS.**

God! How do you get a job as a timer?

Cowboy dicks are bigger than average. Must be the natural selection of men who survived heading West generations ago. These 'boys have got good genes in their jeans.

Finally, two cowboys, one after the other, have pissed out on my right. The cowboy on my left is still straining at his single shot. I figure I better let fly when a third cowboy sidles up on my right. He's a big fucker. His cock is proportionate: thick, long, and uncut. No disappointment in that department. He's a big man and he pisses a big man's big piss.

I have to salute that.

I stream out with an aim directly into the froth churned up by his flowing cock. My leak primes the cowpoke to my left who finally releases his piss load. He breathes a huge sigh of relief. I finish, stick it back inside my jock, and button up my jeans.

At least a dozen other gay men are here tonight, all decoyed appropriately for a straight rodeo. Men acting out their best behavior so as to "pass" without hassle, in order to get an eye-ful no up-front liberationist is ever gonna be privy to.

As I go out the swinging double-doors to the hall, old Blondie with the Dentine is giving Del a bad time. "Whyn'chew," she says, "jes' go vaccinate a dog or something!"

Del looks at her, spits a wad of juice on the asphalt, and heads where she can't follow: into the can to take his dick in his hand and piss his troubles away.

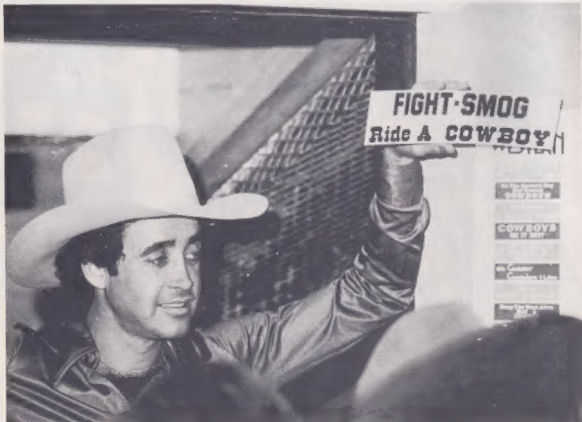
Heterosexuals don't always have it easy.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

Still an hour before the Grand National starts. The halls are a mass of men. They stand and drink. Most of their women have tired of the mantalk and have gone inside to plop their fannies into the wooden seats. Their men wander, beer in hand, from group to group. Cowboys, like steers, travel in herds. Their voices rise to a deep roar in the covered hallway.

A young Mountie walks by. He is handsome, groomed, aloof. He is on show. He is somehow superior to all of this. The hall full of men is here for relaxation. The Mountie is here on serious drill. He is a member of the RCMP Ride. He orders coffee. Black. He is covered with his blue jumpsuit. A piece of straw clings to his quality rump. His seat is shiny black with horse grease and with polish rubbed off his burnished leather saddle. His eyes focus on mid-distance. He is part of the Grand National, yet he is untouched by it. He sips his coffee and strides off in his brown boots with the silver spurs hiked out below the jumpsuit legs.

I follow him.



ONLY COWBOYS ARE TOUGH ENOUGH TO GET ENOUGH



The barns are open to the public.

He heads for the RCMP stalls. His walk is slow, easy. He moves the moves of a man accustomed to being watched.

A little country far, in a quieted, down jacket and straw cowboy hat, runs out from ENTRANCE BOXES 42 and spits a white hawk. Spitting is the cowboy pastime. He almost hits the RCMP.

Neither man notices their near collision. Straight guys seem to be invisible to each other. Either one of these men is worth a study-grant funded by The B. Ke Supporter Foundation.

I follow the Mountie. We take a right cut out of the hallway crowd down a corridor to the RCMP stalls. The RCMP has hung Canadian travel posters on the grey walls. TRAVEL ALBERTA, one says. Another, more telling, reads CANADA SO MUCH TO GO FOR.

With that last one, their tourist surreal ain't just whistlin' Dixie. (If Mounties always get their man, do men always get their Mounties?)

THE LOOK

Back in the stalls are nearly forty young mounted cops. Working. Grooming their horses. The cops are mostly sandy blonds. They nearly all have clipped regulation moustaches. Their arms are muscular straight arms, made muscular from athletics and real work more than from a titty-pump gym membership. They are singularly handsome. Selected. Handpicked. Half of them look like Jan-Michael Vincent on a very good day. Any PR group always comes down to the bottomline of THE LOOK.

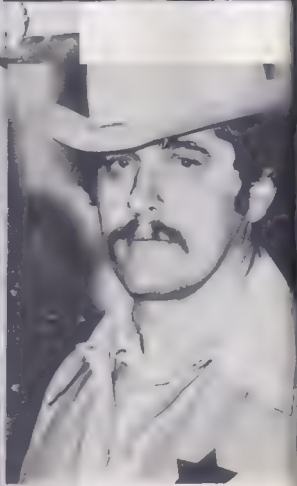
These forty Mounties have THE LOOK together the way Mounties should present it. The cowboys in the hall have perfected their LOOK. Men are diverse and different and one LOOK is no better than another, just as one sexual preference is no better than another. Diversity is, especially in men, simply interesting.

Straight men should never object to gay men who are out standing on the corner watching all the straights go by. Straights ogle girls in ways no gay man would ever stare at straight men. Everyone agrees that you can't go to jail for what you're thinking. Besides, any straight man who has his own masculine shit together, considers a gay glance tossed his way as the compliment it is meant.

BRIDLES AND GROOMS

The sound system in the RCMP barn plays country-western. "You Don't Bring Me Flowers Anymore." From the main arena, the sound of the Big Band warm ing up floats over the horses the cops are

PHOTOS BY DAVID SPAGE



coming in their individual stalls. The first sound is the smooth wipe of bristle brush moving in a fast Aerovac roller the heavy brown leather gauntlets held in one Mountie's hand.

Another Mountie has his horse in the aisle between the stalls. He is bent over holding his horse's hoof tight against his wrist. He polishes the perfect hoof with dark oil. His coveralls are dropped to his waist and secured by his knotting the arms around his belt. On his white shirt, over the left pocket, the

RCMP motto reads in blue: *Maritimes et Droit Royal Canadian Mounted Police*.

Stall to stall, each scene is a crib o' pre-rodeo activity. With a curry comb in each hand, one darkly handsome RCMP doublestrokes his horse. These combs are held to the palm of his hands by brown leather straps that cross the back of his hands. The red broken leather deserts tight over the gristle and veins pumped up by his heavy grooming.

Another cop moves by, pushing a

green wheelbarrow topped by a pitchfork stuck in fresh straw. Another follows him carrying the red-and-white guidon flags that fly at the end of their seven-pound battle lances. Another cop sits talking to cowboy tourists while his horse, all ready groomed and waiting in its stall, splays out all fours quite neatly and pises a heavy horsestream into the hay.

No one normal seems to notice.

The Mountie stands up, puts his brown boot up on the blue tack box. His boots ride up to his knee where a yellow stripe runs up the outside of his dark-blue riding breeches. His uniform's wool, with a tongue-twisting weave to its surface. His red tunic hangs inside-out on the stall to keep it clean from leather polish, horse sweat, and the dust of the barn.

"On the Ride," he is saying, "as long as you're single, you're cheap and easy to move. One of the men is getting married next month. I've been on the Ride for five years."

He has his cowboy audience weebled into his easy spiel. This guy is genuine.

Anywhere you go in Canada, you just have loggers and miners. Some days it's so nice that, before I was with this detachment, I'd take off for the day. I was stationed in a small town, a zilcho town, so I joined the Ride to be out where there was some life for a change. I figure I'll go back, when this is all over to British Columbia. A nice little fishing town."

Let me borrow your towel a second. Another Mountie is wiping his horse-wet hands. On his tack box is a sticker: ALL CANADIAN DRINKING TEAM. I keep looking for the RCMP guy who looks like he might be the fighter ready to take on the boxing cowboy. Not one of these young cops has a face with the slightest malice.

The blue tack boxes are stencilled with each horse's name. Gaston, Lancer, Lusty, Jock, Fanny, Eros, and Gay.

"This is a tough section to get on," The Mountie talks earnestly to a lady with lips slightly parted in a socially acceptable signal of lust. "The cream of the crop is here. The work is hard. We're all into sports. We're more athletic than your average guy. What the Ride boils down to is a lot of physical labor. Some guys ride for pleasure. The average guy never had much to do with horses before coming in with this detachment. Horses are my hobby. Always have been. Ever since I was a kid."

The lady likes his voice.

He sounds uncircumcized.

MAMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS

Back in the main arena, the live orchestra busts out into "June Is Busting Out All Over" for no particular reason other than the melody is uptempo and the 12,000 crowd shifts expectant in the stands. Broadway follow-spots roam the chip-covered floor of the Cow Palace arena. John Kennedy, I think, was nominated here. Tonight, men in levis and leather are prepping to wrestle it out with bucking broncs and runaway calves.

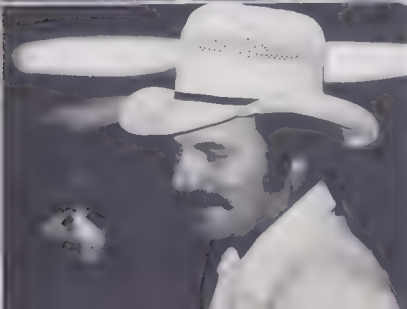
Below, in the chutes, cowboys move among their big red-and-white Winston





arrived back like gladiators, restless to
conquer the Cactusman. Some stand patiently
others stretch nervously like any athlete
before a performance. A couple of cow
boys move through the seated exercises
with the grace of dancers. One pulls his
boot down with his hand, up to get be-
hind his deeply-fitted butt.

A little bearded cowboy
sits on the chip-covered turf in a dusty
saddle that he rocks wildly back and
forth on the solid ground. His legs stretch
out to his boots hooked in his
girth. His feet rise higher in the air
than his head. Both his wiry hands hold
the horn in his crotch.



Another real Looker strides back and forth, kicking chips. He has tucked his gloves, soft and easy, into his chaps belt. The top glove folds pendulously forward under its own leather weight. It protrudes out over his fly like a five-fingered cock, crossed on the back of the knuckles with white chalk. His whole package flops as he paces, psyching himself up.

His eyes are the same light blue as 10 mg of valium.

These are all men of heavy body consciousness. They project, in their moves, the moves and sizes of the animals they tend, brand, curry, trim, mount, and

ride. To the breaking point. They project themselves on mastering beasts.

In minutes, they're riding bareback hard against the animal, the clock, and the crowd. Hot fuckers. They hold on with one hand planted, by regulation square in the crotch. Their spurs must stay higher than their shoulders to secure. They lean back like highdivers on the bucking horses, holding the horn with one fist—like trying to carry a 1250-pound leather suitcase that keeps jumping out of your hand.

RODEO PICK UP MEN

When the Pick Up Men ride near on horseback as the clock counts down, the bronc buster grabs the Pick Up around the shoulder and chest, swings off the bronco, and climbs behind the Pick-Up Man's saddle. He holds for the briefest moment in the spot. Two men on one horse. Then he lets go, and drops easy to the turf.

The triumphant spotlight hits him as he parades his attitude loose and lean and mean, really rolling his eggs and butt shut kicking through the applause to bend to the waist and retrieve his cowboy



hat. His chaps accent the dark blue vee of his croch.

CALF ROPING

When a man comes charging on horse back from a wooden chute to lasso a headstart calf, he jumps off his horse and runs his leather glove down the length of rope to the struggling animal. He picks up the fighting side of beef and slams it down, tying its hooves together with a four foot length of rope.

Puts a man in mind of a Rollerball Rodeo with men running naked from chutes, chased by mounted cowboys whoasso them, wrestle them to the ground and hogtie them down.

In twelve seconds flat, a good show cowboy can take off after a running animal, pick him up and lay him down bound and struggling in the middle of the dusty arena.

The announcer talks of "great beauty, strength and endurance." He talks of the animals the way the crowd sees the cowboys: noble in the starspangled Grand National night. But the Big Game swings comically into "Ragin' Cajun Joe" and reduces nobility to honkytonk thirderate romance, and lowrent rendezvous.

RCMP FREUDIAN FOLLIES

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police enter riding to "Cabaret," oh chum, and dust up the arena with fourfooted precision the Rockettes never knew. They drill in total discipline. They ride in stars, circles, figure 8's, wheels, and cloverleaf formations. They are beautiful in their redcoats and velow-striped blue riding breeches, all formally trimmed off in brown leather. Each man carries a nine foot battle lance topped with the fluttering red-and-white guidon.



Now under the Mounties are the only police force in the world to be pictured in uniform.

The Mounties form a large circle. All the horses heads face inward. Each lance is raised erect, then as one they swing their right arms out in slow motion until the lance-tips meet in the center. A peepish merrygoround. Then the lances dip slowly, point first, to the

center turf inside the right of horses. Next, inside the ring of Mountie backs turned on the silent audience. The Mounties all face one another, intent in an incredible energy circle that then raises all the lance points all together, up, why, then faster and higher rising into a blaze of light and music and cheering to a standing ovation.

This cowboy crowd appreciates a peepshow when it sees one.

RCMP LOCKER ROOM

Outback, behind the RCMP horse barns, the Canadians parked a heavy semitrailer rig. Inside, the trailer is a fully equipped standard locker room. The beige metal lockers are kicked raw from boot scuffs at the bottom. Through the open door, I watch the Mounties return from the arena. They light up. They tip off their broad trimmed hats. They unbuckle their red coats. They wear suspenders over a dark blue sweater whose neck shows only a vee of white cotton tee shirt. They flip the suspenders off and away, and pull their blue coveralls on over the breeches and boots.

Young girls ask for autographs.

I just write down the semitruck's license plate QUEBEC L23040, with the slogan, "JE ME SOUVIENS."

COMING ATTRACTIONS

From inside the arena, the announcer's voice can be heard in the cold night air. He is pumping for the Junior Grand National Rodeo to be held next spring. He asks for the support of the audience.

After all," he says, "these are the people who put the meat on your table, and they should be encouraged."







HIGH PERFORMANCE

[OR, SEX WITHOUT A NET] By David R. Hurles



Have you ever passed a newstand and had a magazine yell out to you: "Buy me!" The cover grabs your gonads, and a quick flip through the pages twists your nuts until you part with the lousy bucks. You skulk off, with the rag under your arm, ready for a heavier look-see back at your place. You know those "dirty magazine blues." That's how **HIGH PERFORMANCE** accosted me, got my adrenaline in gear, and lead me down the primrose path to a scene—if not primal, then certainly, Neanderthal.

BLOODY GOOD

So what's this new rag, and what's its scene? **HIGH PERFORMANCE** is a new L.A. magazine about "performance art." Performance art is probably a bigger part of your nightlife than you realize. Besides, a magazine cover showing a man blindfolded with hospital surgical gauze bound, and covered with entrails while blood is poured onto his face and into his mouth can't be all bad.

SOCIALLY REDEEMING BULLSHIT

Are you ready for this? Performance art is a contemporary art form which serves up social, political, and philosophical ideas through some action (the operative word) conceived and produced, or experienced, by the artist on

'PERFORMANCE ART IS TEMPORAL. WHEN THE PERFORMANCE IS OVER, THE ART HAS DISAPPEARED. IT EXISTS ONLY IN THE MEMORIES OF THE ARTIST AND THE AUDIENCE.'

one hand, and by any audience present, with or without their consent, on the other. Got it?

HIGH PERFORMANCE documents this action, which is by nature often utterly bizarre and to the middleclass mind totally uncategorizable. I mean, where exactly can you shelve shit like this?

In the words of the **HIGH PERFORMANCE** editor, "Performance art is temporal. When the performance is over, the art has disappeared. It exists only in the memories of the artist and the audience" (Just like *Oklahoma!*). "Performance pieces do not hang in galleries and museums where the public can examine and savor them. Performance pieces

thrive on hearsay, rumor, and, most often, opinion and misconception."

Some artists thrive on this throwaway attitude toward outrageously breaking cultural taboos.

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER

Most familiar to Americans is Venice California's Chris Burden. To earn his M.F.A., Chris spent a cramped weekend coked inside a 50c locker in the L.A. bus station. (That's performance art.) Chris has had himself shot in the arm for a museum audience. Just a flesh wound. He has been bolted to the floor of a gallery neck and wrists and ankles, next to an exposed electrical cord. Hearby, a bucket of water stood available for any playful member of the art establishment who wished to end the movement.

Chris has also had himself crucified, with nails through the hands, to the top of a running Volkswagen. He has crawled nearly naked through glass on L.A. sidewalks and then bought time during the 11 o'clock news to show the videotape of his bloody crawl. He is, perhaps, an authentic saint in the true Christian lineage of fleshly mortification.

WHAT I DID FOR LOVE

Burden demonstrates that the flesh is just that: flesh. So have punk rockers



High Performer Bob Opel has been seen in the buff by more people than anyone in the whole wide world. Opel was the man who streaked the Academy Awards, live and transmitted by satellite around the globe. Here, Opel gives a High Performance for another High Performer, former L.A. police chief Ed Davis, who promptly made an arrest. Opel can be seen at Fey Way Gallery in, where else, San Francisco. Chief Davis has retired to Chatsworth, California.



HIGH PERFORMANCE

\$2⁰⁰



PHOTO BY DAVID SPARR



PHOTO BY MEAN MAGNIN

like Iggy Pop. Iggy takes drug-crazed jodelyflips onto ground glass and fights with front-row toughs. Punk 'n' new wave performances are full of assaultive behavior. Although HIGH PERFORMANCE confines itself to intentional actions less commercially plotted than Iggy, the parallels between these performances and contemporary society as a whole are profoundly evident.

Even the pathetic extremist Sid Vicious, stabbing his punkette girlfriend, good old what was her name? is a kind of performance artist. Those who live by the snv, die by the snv.

SERMONETTE

Art, despite the stained glass school, of twisting art into a service of morality, has nothing to do with morality. Art in its pure state is neither moral nor immoral. Art transcends morality. (Try and sell that to the middleclass.) Art is, by essence, simply amoral. It has nothing to do with morality as such. This frees art into universality. Art stays open-endedly the same in essence, while morality itself is relative, changing from age to age, culture to culture, and class to class. The richness of Art as a concept, despite the impoverishment of would-be artists who try to milk it for all it's worth, surprisingly always maintains.

WHAT DID YOU DO AT THE BATHS, DADDY?

So what does all this artsy-fartsiness

WHAT YOU DO AFTER MIDNIGHT MAY MERIT YOU A NATIONAL ENDOWMENT

... with you as a sav creature of
 ight' Chances are you are already
 You probably create
 I you are the
 into it. How often have
 of a "scene" at the baths
 others walked
 our slave, or been
 taken the way Francisco's ARENA
 BAR takes slaves to all on in order
 create a scene for interested voyeurs.
 The possibilities, like the scenes, are end
 abnormal" normal pas-
 man's behavior
 performance

art
 To carry your mighty act a step fur-
 ther and to reflect on what it "means"
 could well get you into the pages of
 HIGH PERFORMANCE.

Joyfully, what your behavior "means"
 is fairly much up to you and your mu-
 tual partner. After all, you're the artist.
 No sanction is required other than that,
 before the act, you intend to make a
 statement—no matter how incompre-
 hensible to others—through your per-
 formance.

COVERED ALL OVER WITH SWEET VIOLENCE

Getting tattooed is definitely per-



formance art. Fisting, bondage, sculpture, scat, and watersports certainly qualify as legitimately as do boxing, wrestling, and assorted street-style exhibitionism. Performance art is truly a democratic form. A street-mugging can be performance art, just as in San Francisco, an artist and his wife slapped each other repeatedly before an appreciative audience. How is this different from, or the same as, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* In Rio, an artist asked the audience to link arms with him in a darkened room. Then he stuck his finger in a light socket.

RLMBIE AT MOMA

The most self-indulgently violent of all was the creation of a New York (where else?) artist who persuaded two street gangs to hold a rumble at the Museum of Modern Art. Without warning, the gangs turned on the audience and beat and robbed them.

"What started out as a minor piece developed into a ma, or work, an experience that forever altered the consciousness of that audience," said the artist.

No shit!

Most performance art, however, is not so unpredictable. It rarely delivers such a tasty message, massage to art patrons who love to be rolled by glib artists on the mame.

Although not all performance art is violent, violence has caught rather naturally the imagination of many international artists. Commenting on the violent nature of life from the shock of birth to the possible pain of death, one artist said: "Who can fail to see the art in a blackened eye or a bleeding nose. If an artist ignores violence, he ignores life."

If you've ever had a black eye, you may well understand him. A "shiner" can be so beautiful that it becomes masochistic. And how about the beauty in a pierced tit, or a welled ass, or a good healthy bruise? The achieving of these experienced body states, and the intention to experience them, fits neatly into this artistic movement.

ORGIES MYSTERY THEATER

HIGH PERFORMANCE (Vol. 1, No. 3) seems of special interest to DRUMMER readers, due to its interview and companion pieces on Hermann Nitsch,

ALTHOUGH NOT ALL PERFORMANCE ART IS VIOLENT, VIOLENCE HAS CAUGHT RATHER NATURALLY THE IMAGINATION OF MANY INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS.

Viennese director of the *Orgas Mysteries Theatre* Nitsch of the sixties' artistic school known as "Wiener Aktionismus" is actively pursuing performance art. This school of artists became well known for use of the body as a sculptural medium, especially for their attention to taboo: sadomasochism, hedonism, pain, and death. That tradition is articulated by Nitsch: "... that feverish, erotic sensuality, where the extreme will of expression rises to erotic cruelty but is always mastered artistically combined with the enjoyment of form."

Says Nitsch: "For me it's important to come out of the laws of our society. We live very lukewarm, very lukewarm. Most of the people don't exist, really. They are living in a dream. Everything is okay, and nothing is really dangerous but nothing is really great, and they're not happy and they're not unhappy. I learned with my work that we bring to them real existence. Some things are painful, and some things shall make them very, very happy. I enjoy a very intense life and this I want to create with my work. There's cruelty and death also."

But it's not necessary to be aggressive any more in the normal ways; it's not necessary to make war. It's better to do such things in the theatre than in reality. It's a very basic idea.

Want that all our depressed things come out of our subconsciousness and that we bring it into our consciousness during the performance, because I'm using art and I'm using form, and form brings our repressed things into our consciousness. Let me explain it better: we all have a lot of power, a lot of energies, and our society does not allow us to bring out all our energies. The energies become depressed, human society likes cruelty.

NEVER DOES ANYTHING EASY

Nitsch starts out strong, people have to pour blood on a white tablecloth, then it becomes stronger and strongest. His recent Los Angeles performance, accompanied by a cacophonous brass orchestra, included twenty actions whose elements were the pouring of blood onto animal intestines and carcasses as well as onto human genitals and mouths, manipulation of entrails by stuffing them into and pulling them out of carcasses, cruel fixation of nude males next to crucified carcasses and the playing of musical instruments into animal carcasses to catch how their meat cooks.

The blood was intentionally rained the intestines stank, the music hurt the ears. The entrails were always stuffed back into the carcass with a nude male underneath - entrails, blood, and mucus falling on him. In the final action, two people held up a third who viciously stomped the entrails out of a carcass and onto the floor, whereupon they were replaced and the furious stomping went on.

ART AIN'T MIDDLE CLASS

Nitsch plans a version to run six days and nights, probably in Austria, and hopefully with human cadavers. It will contain trenches filled with blood and guts, tanks lobbing shells at slaughtered, crucified cows, consumption of alcohol for a mass intoxication of the audience recorded speeches by Hitler, hacking of carcasses, wallowing in entrails on blood-soaked beds, and lots of noise. The feature bit is the crucifixion and disemboweling of a corpse while a chorus watches and sings on the sidelines.

DON'T ASK

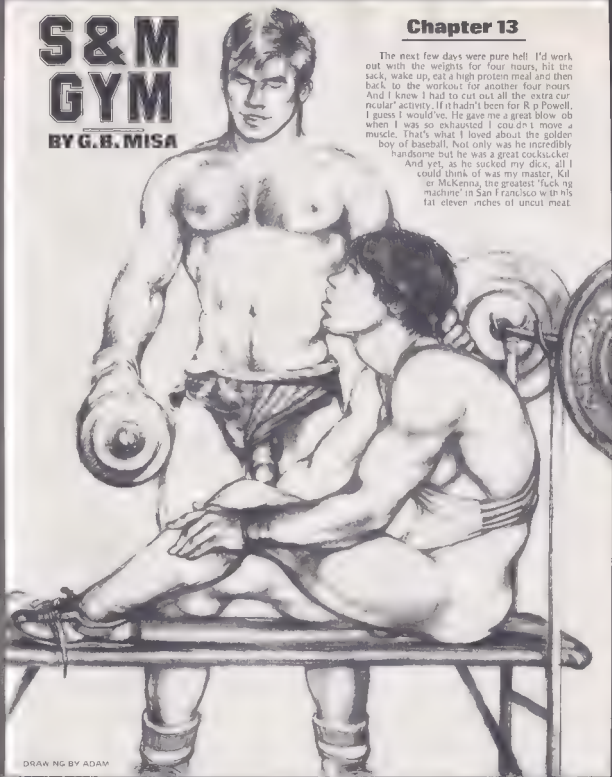
Sorry, but I can't get you tickets. But you can keep up on the latest in performance art by reading HIGH PERFORMANCE. It is quarterly, and costs \$2.00/copy, or \$8.00 for a year's subscription. Individual copies can be ordered for \$2.50/each from the publisher Linda Burnham, 240 S. Broadway, 5th Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90012. Tell Linda I said, "Hello!" and then duck for cover!

S&M GYM

BY G.B. MISA

Chapter 13

The next few days were pure hell. I'd work out with the weights for four hours, hit the sack, wake up, eat a high protein meal and then back to the workout for another four hours. And I knew I had to cut out all the extra curricular activity. If it hadn't been for R p Powell, I guess I would've. He gave me a great blow job when I was so exhausted I couldn't move a muscle. That's what I loved about the golden boy of baseball, not only was he incredibly handsome but he was a great cocksucker. And yet, as he sucked my dick, all I could think of was my master, Kil er McKenna, the greatest 'fuck ing machine' in San Francisco with his fat eleven inches of uncut meat.



DRAWING BY ADAM

S&M GYM

Yeah, only two days to the Mr. Bay Area Contest and I had to win the title of Mr. Bay Area or Killer would kick me out into the streets and yet here I was letting Rip Powell suck at my manhood. I knew I had to cut out the shit . . . that I had to concentrate exclusively on the back-breaking job of getting my body in tip top shape. And in my heart I knew that no matter how hard I worked out in the next few days my physique was not going to be as good as the physique of Thunder Cole's body. Hell, Thunder's biceps were at least two inches bigger than mine and even his chest was larger. And yet I knew I had to win the contest . . . yeah . . . I had to win the Mr. Bay Area title one way or another.

I tried to reason it out. Weren't there more to winning a bodybuilding contest than the body itself? Weren't there psychological and political variables above and beyond the flesh? What about the judges? Didn't everyone see beauty and power through their own prism of subjectivity, refracting the truth through their own biases? I'd seen the documentary PUMPING IRON months before I'd seen the documentary PUMPING IRON. I'd seen Arnold Schwarzenegger screaming "A mold! Arnold! Arnold!" as he pressed a huge weight over his head in a frenzy of frustration, trying desperately to demolish the myth of Arnold Schwarzenegger as the greatest champion of all time . . . as invincible . . . and yet the holiness in Ferrigno's voice proving that he felt Schwarzenegger was indeed the super champion of all time, even greater than Steve Reeves or John Grimek.

My mind was racing. I was sweating. I was shaking. I was the way down his throat as I shot my load. It was then I decided what to do. Yes, I must visit Thunder Cole and see if I could continue to dominate him. After all, I'd had one sexual encounter with him and who knows what would have happened if Killer had not been there. But I let my arm up Thunder's ass . . . all the way to the elbow and hadn't he loved every second of it? Yeah, a visit to the Rick Fanni Gym and Thunder Cole.

I grinned down at Rip who was licking my balls and then I grabbed my blue jeans. Since Killer was in Sacramento looking over some Nautilus equipment I put Rip in charge of the gym and grabbed a cab for the Rick Fanni Gym.

The second I walked into the old fashioned weightlifter's gym I was hit by a wave of heat. The air was thick with electricity in the air. There was a crowd of old time bodybuilders avidly watching his workout. He was doing a squat with 600 pounds and the sweat was pouring off his body. There was no doubt about it, Thunder had champion written all over him. As he slammed the weight into the brackets there was a half smile on his tanned face . . . perfect teeth, extra white. Even his light brown hair seemed to have an extra gloss to it and he was even bigger than the last time I'd seen him. His biceps looked like they were close to twenty-one inches and his waist was perfect. He was a real life Hercules. I was rich waist. This on a man who weighed at least 240 pounds at six feet. Yeah, Thunder Cole had it all.

As I stared at his magnificent body I realized I didn't have much of a chance of winning the Mr. Bay Area Contest. At that moment Thunder saw me, "George!" he exclaimed, "Good to see you . . . you look great."

"Not as great as you," I answered.

He laughed. "Hey, I'm almost through with my workout. Why don't you hang around until I'm finished. What do you say?"

For the next forty-five minutes I watched his magnificent body in action as he worked on his legs. A few minutes later his arm was around my shoulder as we left the gym. "Hey, where's your buddy -- you know the ball player?"

"Rip Powell?"

"Yeah, the golden boy of baseball."

"He's watchin' the gym. Killer is away in Sacramento."

Now Thunder's arm was around my waist. "Hey, you wanna go to my place for awhile? I'm horny as hell for your dick!"

"Yeah, okay." And yet I was puzzled. Was this some kind of a game he was playing just a couple of days before the Mr.

Bay Area Contest or was he really hot for my dick? He only lived a short distance from the Rick Fanni Gym but it seemed like he stopped at ten phone booths before he ushered me into his basement apartment near Golden Gate Park.

"Hey, I'll fix us a protein drink," he grinned as he went into the kitchen, pulling me in with him. "I'll never forget that day at Killer's gym!" Eagerly he reached out and unbuttoned my fly. "I want some more of that cock."

It was as simple as that. He was hot for my dick. All my suspicions went down the tube. A few minutes later I was lying on a bean bag drinking the protein drink that Thunder had fixed while he took off my shoes, my socks and then asked me to lift my ass so he could pull off my levi's. I leaned back, closing my eyes as Thunder's tongue started on the soles of my feet, worked between my toes and slowly slid up my ass. I felt like a sex slave. A second later he had both my balls in his hot mouth. "Lick the head of my dick," I commanded as I finished the protein drink. "Right around the piss hole!"

"Anything you say, George!"

After awhile I grabbed Thunder's penis. "I can't have my fat dick all the way to the hilt. Then I wrapped my legs around his neck and let him choke on it for about thirty seconds while I picked up a copy of DRUMMER and checked out the hot action. When I let him come up for air he began to talk a blue streak. "You're wonderful . . . fantastic . . . you're gorgeous!" Mr. Bay Area Contest winner. "Why is that . . . why don't I have a chance?"

"You're the favorite, aren't you?"

"You've got to be kidding!" His voice sounded strange, almost like a robot.

Now I knew that. Why . . . why . . . I just can't help it. I'm. He was almost crying. "You're such a good looking dude, George. I know if you show up you will win the title. I know that and . . ."

Thunder's face turned red. He looked like a bad TV station. My arms felt strange. Somehow I felt numb . . . weird . . . my legs . . . I tried to move them . . . no dice. And I could hardly keep my eyes open. And then I knew . . . it hit me in the guts . . . the realization that Thunder Cole had poisoned me. He was scared to death that I'd win the Mr. Bay Area Contest. Yeah, the son of a bitch was an authentic looney . . . a crazy. "Oh, shit," I groaned. "You didn't . . . you . . ."

"You ain't gonna die, George . . . at least not yet!" He laughed. "You're gonna be a little powerless for awhile so I can do with you what I want." He stood up, towering over me. "Look, I was going to tie you up . . . maybe handcuff you but it wasn't necessary. I mean . . . let's see . . . you're going to be my captive for the next two days until right after the Mr. Bay Area Contest so you might as well enjoy your stay here!"

I tried to curse him out but my mouth wouldn't work right. Hell, I had to fight like blazes not to fall asleep as the good looking son of a bitch undressed. It looked to me like he was doing it in slow motion. Even half asleep I had to admit he had a dynamite body and a gorgeous ass. As he bent over to pull off his Adidas tennis shoes I wanted to shove my arm up his butt and when he turned around I wanted to shove my dick into his sensual Robert Redford mouth. "An . . . suck ah . . . me . . . my . . . co . . . co . . . ck!" I finally managed to say.

He slapped me hard across the face. "Shut the fuck up, you cruddy asshole!" he screamed.

"You . . . you . . . are . . . you got . . . a . . . a pussy for a mouth."

His huge fist smashed against my mouth and I was tasting my own blood. I tried to smile.

I tried to say . . . what I got something better for you." He snapped his fingers and as if by magic a huge Japanese man appeared. He stood motionless, dressed in the pajama like pants of the karate expert, his arms folded across his massive chest. His bald head gleamed in the sunlight coming in from the win-

After awhile I grabbed Thunder by the ears and let him have my fat dick all the way to the hilt.

Then I wrapped my legs around his neck and let him choke on it for about thirty seconds while I picked up a copy of DRUMMER and checked out the hot action

dow. His thick neck fleshed out into very wide muscular shoulders which V'd down to his superbly small waist. But most of all was the authority, the calm arrogance of the karate black belt. "You're not a meat slicer!" Thunder was grinning. "He'll be watching over you for the next couple of days... until after the contest."

Thunder snapped his fingers and the motionless Japanese came to instant life. For a moment I wondered if Thunder was going to hold a two by four and the Japanese man was going to break it in half but that wasn't what happened. I watched as the Japanese warrior deliberately pulled at the string holding his karate pants. He pulled and pulled and pulled and all the myths fell with them... all the stories I'd heard about the Japanese and what small peckers they are supposed to have. The lower part of the warrior's body was magnificent. His skin wasn't really yellow. I wonder if any Japanese person's skin is yellow... isn't that a kind of Caucasian prejudice... or let us even call it a cliché. His skin was an earth color with touches of the sun lightening it... a beautiful, life giving color. And... the lack of hair on his lower body. I know so many weightlifters who shave their legs to show off the musculature but the samurai obviously didn't shave his thick muscular legs. They were magnificent. Also, there was just a touch of pubic hair around his fat eight inch dick that gave it an extra air of excitement. His saffron colored balls were hairless. A moment later his muscular arms moved and he was holding his crotch... I watched as his prick began to harden. "Hey, man," I somehow regained my tongue. "I'd point that dick at Thunder. Well, we used to call him FUCK-A-CE COLE."

Maybe I should've kept my mouth shut. I dunno. Thunder hit me on the butt and I felt that... right around this time the blood gushed out of my mouth, through my fingers and out the front. Thunder started his fingers again and the next moment the dizziness grabbed at me as the Japanese took his time... I was like a meat slicer. I was like some kind of a brutal rabbit. He fucked my face for about thirty seconds and the next thing I knew I was swallowing Oriental cum and my own blood. As I lost consciousness I could hear Thunder Cole laughing maniacally. I was with a crazy dude... no doubt about and yet, as I fell into the blackness, I couldn't help thinking of the Japanese gladiator and the fun we might have had under different circumstances. He was some humpy dude!

I don't know if I slept for five minutes or two hours but when I woke up I could tell it was late afternoon by the long shadows that crept in from the window. Hopefully it was the same day. I tried to get up but my hands were handcuffed behind my back and the sun of a hotel room was in my eyes. My head felt like a lead balloon. I knew for sure that I'd told Rip Powell that I was going to visit Thunder Cole at the Rick Fanni Gym. Maybe he'd have enough sense to put two and two together. I knew it was my only chance. I was positive when I saw Thunder Cole come in from the kitchen. The expression on his face. There was no doubt about it. Thunder was wacky-woo, a prime candidate for the rubber room. But he wasn't alone. Along with my Japanese jaffer was a giant. Christ, he was so tall he had to bend his head to get through the doorway. He was as tall as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the center of the Los Angeles Lakers but there was one difference. At seven feet three inches he weighed at least seventy-five pounds more than Abdul-Jabbar and all of it was solid muscle. Next to the cowboy at the table was a black man. He was... What on you, then, Taniman?" Thunder asked.

"I look... right now!" I was dressed in slacks and a t-shirt but I could see the power of his body underneath the loose clothes. "Ah... he is awake!" Taniman smiled with giant teeth. When one foot he turned me over and I fell off the bean bag on my stomach. "Ah, yes... he's got a beautiful ass. It'll be just right for Taniman... just right."

"You don't mind if I stay and watch, do you?" Thunder asked.

"You're footing the bill, Thunder."

"Also, my samurai will be here at all times to guard the prisoner," Thunder said.

"I don't know. He looks like he has a pretty tight ass."

"I'll gag him if he starts screaming," Thunder said brightly. "And if you split him open we're right near the County Hospital." He smiled. "They'll stitch him up in jiffy."

I watched in stunned fascination as the giant slipped out of his sport shirt. His skin was café au lait and a deep amber. It glistened in the late afternoon light. It was almost as if he were covered with oil. He was a few feet away from me. His huge legs were spread wide. It was almost as if I were looking at some eternal tree that would live forever. His feet were huge. I'm sure he had to have his shoes made special. He kicked them off, slipped out of his pants and a moment later the jockey shorts fell to the floor.

How do you describe a shock like that? To actually see a dick that big and thick? My God, it flopped with a life of its own. Bouncing against the floor, it was like a living dick whale. Even now... after the incredible experience... it is difficult to describe the Lochness Monster. How thick was it... actually? How long was it? I knew that Killer with his eleven inches of uncut dick was like a pimple in comparison. And, the black giant's dick wasn't even hard. What else can I say?

But the truly amazing aspect of the giant was that he was a man of symmetrical proportions... from his shoulders (that seemed a block wide) to his flat stomach that was cut like a washboard. Just the mere thought of taking his piece of meat up my ass was an absurdity. I knew he'd split me wide open and I'd end up in the hospital. And yet... and yet... there was a part of me that wanted that outsized prick up my ass. Even if it would kill me.

"We don't need these," Taniman spoke in a gentle voice that surprised me. Quickly he got the keys from Thunder and took the handcuffs off my hands and the leg irons from around my legs. His hot hands touched my body. "The young man is cold. Get him some whiskey. Warm his belly!"

Thunder got a bottle of whiskey and Taniman grabbed it, holding it to my mouth. I don't know how much I drank but suddenly I could feel the heat in the pit of my stomach.

"Feel better, young man?" Taniman asked. There was a big smile on his face.

I just stared hard at him, not trusting myself to answer. Hell, he was part of the conspiracy. Had they not kidnapped me? Weren't they going to hold me captive until after the Mr. Bay Area Contest? Taniman grabbed my hand and wrapped it around his still flaccid dick. Then there was the acrid smell of grass and the joint was shoved in my mouth. A second later another shot of whiskey and I was beginning to get a buzz... beginning to feel good despite myself... despite my predicament. Surprisingly, there was something gentle, almost tender about the giant. I couldn't help wondering how much he weighed. I knew he had to weigh over 300 pounds. Now he pushed my hand down to his right ball. The shoe-colored orb filled the palm of my hand.

As my eyes focused on his huge genital a Thunder shoved a popper up my nose and despite my terror I felt a strange rush of bliss. A popper... a giant. Another shot of whiskey and my head being pushed downward... downward to the enormous ebony cockhead that glistened out of the jetted foreskin. Almost in self defense I stuck out my tongue, flicking it against his huge pisshole. Shit, it was almost as big as some of the assholes I've fucked. But the velvet black head... incredible... so smooth... so deeply, inky black. "You love Taniman's cock?" Taniman wasn't asking a question. He was telling me. And I wondered... was he right?

Another shot of whiskey and a deep inhalation from the amyl nitrite up my nose and I was crazy enough to try any thing. What the hell? Why not? I gagged and then I started to talk but somehow the words didn't come out. I guess I was so fucked up I couldn't talk. My mouth opened and some kind of mumbo jumbo came out. "I... ah... wagawood... boo..."

The giant hovered over me with a wide grin on his face. His now hard prick bounced against his belly button as he approached me. "Ah... Georgeie... you got spunk... you got fight... you're a tough one. Yes... you're gonna be the best piece of ass that Taniman ever had in his life."

bah"

Thunder giggled crazily. "Is that right? That's funny what George just said. Don't you think?" He giggled so hard I thought he'd never stop. All the time he was playing with himself. "I think George is really!"

"Get me some cocoa butter!" Taniman ordered. "Shit," the giggle left Thunder's face. "He's got a fuckin' asshole, as wide as the Grand Canyon. He don't need no grease."

Taniman didn't argue. A moment later he handed a tube of it to Taniman.

Taniman's voice was quiet but full of steel. He was looking Thunder Cole right in the eye. "You get my cock hard," he said.

I could feel my heart pounding wildly. I had one of Taniman's balls cupped in the palm of my hand as he grabbed Thunder by the ears and shoved his half hard monster dick down his throat. I leaned forward, trying to swallow the big black orb but it was so big I couldn't get it into my mouth. I couldn't breathe and I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

It was like watching the Lochness Monster come out of the Loch. Not just one but thick with a head on it that was a real jaw breaker. Not that I was a big eater. I couldn't even get the monster head of Taniman's dick in his eager mouth. He just kept slurping away at it. Finally Taniman pushed Thunder away.

Taniman was grinning at me. Taniman turned his glistening athlete's body toward me. One hand pressed a fresh bottle of whiskey to my mouth, the other hand moved to my ass with the cocoa butter. His voice was gentle, almost a whisper. "You are about to have the experience of your life with Taniman. Relax and enjoy it and Taniman will take you on a trip to the stars... to heaven. We will go there together and stay there for a very long time."

His huge index finger was probing my asshole. My eyes were riveted to the incredible monster between his legs and I watched in a kind of weird fascination as his giant prick responded to the work of his other hand... digging into my bunglehole. He got three fingers inside me but they were so big that I squirmed in pain even though I was zonked out of my head on the whiskey, grass and poppers.

"Now... George... now is the exact time... yes." His voice was a sensual whisper and his huge tongue flicked wetly against my ear as he poked me up as if I were a feather and turned me around, facing him. What in hell was he doing? My God, he wanted me to sit on it, facing him... he wanted me to take the Lochness monster all the way. I knew this was it... this was the end. Taniman would split me wide open. There would be two George Misa's in the Mr. Bay Area Contest.

"Those were the words I tried to say but something else came out... something else... 'You got a fuckin' asshole, as wide as the Grand Canyon.' Yeah... 'Yub a muka bah.' Yeah, I was really zonked out of my god."

"Don't talk, baby, don't talk. Taniman will fill you up with love and more ovel!" He smiled, showing beautiful white teeth. I had to admit he was a handsome mother fucker. "Now I screw my little boy. It is time!" But first he gave me a final slug of whiskey. As he lifted me into position I saw the throbbing piece of meat between his legs and I knew there was no possible way I could take it up my ass. It was impossible. It was... AGH... YAH... MIGOD... SHIT... FUCK."

The monster head disappeared for a second and then reappeared. Thunder Cole was there, hovering over the scene, a sadistic grin on his face. I could see that he was trying to kill

two birds with one stone. Namely me and he wanted to get off watching. There was no doubt that Thunder Cole was a voyeur. He was whacking away at his dong as he watched. The Japanese warrior stood near the doorway, impassive, neutral to what was coming down.

Again I felt the pressure of the gigantic head of Taniman's prick pressing inexorably against my bunglehole. At first it wasn't too bad... that pain, that is... and I thought that maybe I was drunk enough so I'd be able to take his GIGANTICUS without a lot of trouble. His voice was convincing. "Remember... just relax... relax!"

He gave it a shove and that was it. He might as well have shoved a red hot poker up my ass. What does one do when something like that happens? Well, a second later I was flying through the air and miraculously I somehow landed on my feet on the other side of the room. The searing pain had sobered me up. My head was as clear as a bell and I jerked my head backwards as Thunder Cole tried to cold cock me with an uppercut to the jaw. The next moment he was lying on the floor out cold after I hit him in the stomach with a right jab. "You son of a bitch!" I screamed.

Then I felt the pain grab at my elbow and I was paralyzed. It was the same pain that I felt when I was free and again the samurai was guarding the doorway.

The giant hovered over me with a wide grin on his face. His now hard prick bounced against his belly button as he approached me. "Ah... Georgeie... you got spunk... you got fight... you're a tough one. Yes... you're gonna be the best piece of ass that Taniman ever had in his life."

The son of a bitch was so tall I couldn't do any damage. I couldn't reach his chin with my fists... they bounced helplessly off his gigantic chest. When I tried to kick him in the balls my knee barely touched his thigh. I was getting ready to give him a good one when I saw the big mother fucker was kissing me. If I'd had more of the cocoa butter I could have... "You son of a bitch, over me!" I screamed.

For a second I thought I saw a shadow cross his face. Had I hurt his feelings? "You don't like Taniman?" he asked, as he bent me over the couch.

I didn't have a chance to answer. The red hot poker was in my ass but now it was way up inside... in my guts... my belly... driving me crazy with pain. The horror of it was so much for me to handle... somehow... somehow I went into another dimension... I actually left my body and was above it... hovering near the ceiling... watching what was going on and yet helpless to do anything about it. The pain was beyond human comprehension as I watched Taniman's baseball bat of a dick disappear into the ass of the young man lying on the couch... the young man that was me. I was fighting like hell but that only seemed to excite him more. And the son of a bitch couldn't stop talking.

"Tight ass... tight... take biggest dick in the world... open up... sexy buns... for the great dick... the biggest the best dick in the world... it make you have... it joy it take you to paradise... let Taniman fuck Georgeie... ooooooohoooooh... best fuck in the world..."

I could hear my own voice. "You... you're killing me... you're tearing me apart... I... I... I was sure I would go crazy with the tearing, ripping pain and then I was no longer floating near the ceiling but I was lying over the side of the couch with this black man ramming the fuckin' Empire State Building up my ass. But then I realized it was no use... no use resisting. I might as well let him kill me with the huge spear up my ass.

I'm not sure when the change happened. Maybe it was right after Thunder Cole began to lick my chest... maybe it was right after he began to gently bite my nipples. It was then I realized that Taniman had pulled his whooper out of my tortured bunglehole. Instead his giant tongue was licking my ass... lapping at it like a dog... trying to clean out the pain. Just

the feeling of his dick getting hard and Thunder had it in his mouth. It felt wonderful . . . Tanman's tongue up my ass and Thunder sucking my cock . . . I began to feel the excitement in my toes . . . moving up by my kneecaps. Ah . . . Tanman's tongue . . . up my ass and it was about an hour later when I looked down and it was no longer his tongue . . . the monster head of Tanman's dick was up my ass and the orgasm was building inside of me . . . it was in my hamstring muscles . . . my thighs . . . moving up to my guts.

"Wonderful . . . wonderful!" Taniman was now holding me in his arms and Thunder's tongue had replaced his up my asshole. "How do you feel?" he kissed me gently.

I was on the verge of shooting off "Fantastic, Taniman ... wonderful."

His thick tongue finally came out of my mouth. "Tanıman
make love to you all night."

Now he was gently kissing my neck and with Thunder Cole's tongue exploring my ass. I felt his heavy load. I closed my eyes and relaxed completely as he felt through my ass. I knew that I could at least take the head of his dick without it feeling like a red hot poker up my ass.

Then all hell broke loose. The searing pain tore at my guts
some strange, far off space I heard a blood curdling scream of
agony and then the blackness slammed at my eyeballs, grab-
bing my head like a giant vice, tightening and tightening until
my brains turned to mush, coming out of my ears and my
nose and my mouth. And that was as much as I could stand.
AGGGGH-HHAA..... HELP ME!

I was crushed by the blackness
barely a distant kind of buzz . . . slithering into my
consciousness . . . dizzy . . . a kind of squish . . . squish
squish . . . a steady beat . . . cadence to the sound
mush of my brain somehow changing its consistency . . . fin-
ished. I felt like I was in a dream. I was
and ups de down like a three dimensional jigsaw puzzle . . .
changing . . . moving . . . trying to make it logical . . . it was
a most as if I had to be born again and taught to figure out
what was going on. Yeah, the guy sitting on the couch was
Thunder Cole . . . it was Thunder . . . It looked just like him.
He was staring at me with his mouth open and he was jerking off
and the Japanese warrior, arms folded, standing at the
door . . . guarding my possible escape? Was that it?

I felt: smooch cloth beneath my naked flesh... ah, yes, I was lying on my back... on the couch... my legs were up in the air... and... and... the unbelieveable sight... was it real? I couldn't believe it even when the jigsaw fell into place and I was back in reality... in this world again. I saw the gigantic tool methodically fucking my ass... all the way up to the hilt... and there was no pain... and yet I looked... I looked for the blood but there wasn't any... and still the Luckness Monster in and out... pumping away... squish... squish... squish...

"My baby with the beautiful ass . . . he is awak. His voice . . . velvety and creamy. "Now has come the time the time for Taniman and Georgie to truly come together as one!"

At that moment there was a rush of cold air as the Lochness Monster came out of my gorged asshole. I felt like I'd lost a leg, and I was thinking, "What the fuck?"

Me up, flipped me around so I was facing him and there sat me down on his monster cock. It was incredible. I didn't feel any pain as the Lochness Monster went inside me. I was so happy. But now the heaven... where was it... in my guts... my toes... buzzing through my head... yes... a feeling I'd never felt before... a feeling beyond ecstasy... ineffable... indescribable... blowing the top of my head off.

"YAGHHHABABMA... SHIT... GOD... HEAVEN...
YAG." I think it was me screaming and I was joined by Tani-
man. "GEORGIE... FLUG... MY GOD... I'M COMING...
... WE... TOGETHER... FLUG... AH
YAGAMA... ANHHHH
SH... I... IT

THE TWO OF US... YEAH... UP THERE IN HEAVEN
... SCREAMING... CRYING... LOVING AND COMING
... HIS MONSTER DEEP INSIDE ME, MY HOT SPERM
SPLASHING ALL OVER ME AND HIM AND EVERY.

WHERE AND BEHIND US THUNDER COLE WITH HIS
HAND AROUND HIS DICK AND THE CUM ALL OVER HIS
FINGERS

The pain didn't hit me until twenty minutes later when I had to go to the john. I don't know if he'd done anything to my internal organs but I could hardly walk to the john. Maybe it was because I looked so helpless. I was crying. I heard Thunder lead me go to the bathroom without my arms handcuffed behind me. Maybe he took them off because I told him I had to take a shit and he didn't feel like wiping my ass. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the Japanese warrior, arms folded, face impassive, guarding the doorway. I had to admit he was sexy as hell. I almost felt like giving him a quick blow job. I couldn't help wondering if his arms would still be folded across his chest when I finished sucking his stubby dick.

I pushed all thoughts of sex out of my head as I closed the door of the john. I moved to the narrow window and looked out. We were on the second floor. It was a straight drop of about twenty feet. I tried to figure it out, if I hung on the edge of the window, I could make it. I was a little nervous, but I didn't break a leg and that would disqualify me for the Mr. Bay Area Contest.

Cramming my neck forward I looked to the side of the wooden building. It was then I saw the drainpipe. Hmmm. If I stood on the window sill I might just be able to reach it and slide down it. I knew it was worth a try but what in hell was I going to wear? I was stark naked. I quickly glanced around the bathroom.

When I had to hurry or Thunder would get suspicious, I grabbed the one small towel and wrapped it around my middle. The window opened easily and a moment later I was sitting on the ledge, looking out at the sea.

It didn't disintegrate in my hands. It held firm until my towel didn't. It somehow slipped from around my middle and ended up on the window ledge. As I clambered down the drainpipe I was bare assed naked. A second later my bare feet

Park. As I ran across the street headlights exposed my nakedness. The car skidded and almost crashed. I guess they weren't accustomed to seeing naked body builders running across the street. A moment later I was breathing easier as I ran down the path that was lined with trees and the early San Francisco evening hid my nakedness.

I had to admit it was fun running through the park. I thought I'd freeze but after running a couple of miles I felt a kind of warm blanket. I started to sweat. I was finally descending on the magic city. Finally, at last I was across the street from the Killer McKenna Gym and I heaved a sigh of relief when I saw a light in the lobby.

I slammed my knuckles hard against the glass door and I thought Rip Powell was going to have a heart attack when he saw me standing on the street stark naked. After he closed his mouth he opened the door and I was home free. And luckily Killer was still away in Sacramento.

Affectuonately I punched him on the arm. "Look, where are all Kiefer's slaves?"

"Some are sleeping in Killer's closet and the rest in the locker room. Why?"

"Sure thing, Georgie, I'll take care of it."

"And I don't want anyone in the gym. I'm going to work out for the next four hours. You got that, Rip?"

"Sure thing, Georgie!" The golden boy of baseball started to tuck in the golden ball that fell out of his blue bikini out

it wouldn't stay. "You wouldn't want a quick blow job before you start, would you?"

"I'd love it, Rip, but I don't have the time. Maybe we can fit it in later."

It felt good . . . having the gym all to myself. Yeah, this was it. I knew now that there was no way that Thunder Cole was going to win the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . . one way or another I was going to win it. I grabbed the barbel and threw on two hundred and fifty pounds I was full of energy as I began my workout . . . the heaviest workout of my life and yes . . . the pain in my ass was gone

TO BE CONTINUED

**HEAVY
T-POW
GOALS
PRESENTS**

**HARRY
CHES**

**BY
A JAY**

PART TWO OF THE
DAREDEVIL
DOLL CAPER

THIS REVOLTING TALE OF TORTURE, INTRIGUE, ADVENTURE, MYSTERY, MAYHEM AND ALL-AROUND NASTINESS STARTED IN THE "INGLE HEAT OF LA TROTTS, MEXICO REEL TO RAINING FILMS, INC. HEADED BY THE FAMOUS PORN-PERSON, WAVEFUL PIDDLE - IS ON LOCATION SHOOTING THEIR BIG 40 MI. SUPERFLIC "PARTIZON, THE FUNNY!" ALL IS NOT WELL!! AMYLL ARMATTS ("B.O." TO HIS CLOSE GUIMS), AMERICA'S LATEST HOT PIECE OF MUSCULAR MACHO MEAT... FORMER LINE BACKER FOR THE SAUSALITO SAUSAGES... AND THE STAR OF THE FILM HAD SUDDEENLY "MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED" HARRY AND HIS FUGG TEAM - RAN, DASHED AND MUCKED MUSCLE WERE HASTILY SUMMONED TO FUGG CENTRAL BY "BIG F. FUGG'S HEAD CHEESE".

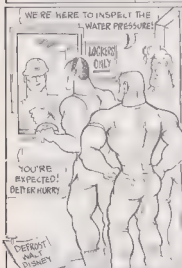
JUST BEFORE HIS SUDDEEN DISAPPEARANCE, "B.O." HAD STUMBLED ACROSS AN UNSAVORY DISCOVERY. NOT ONLY HARRY CHES'S OL' NEMESIS - "END LEATHER NO LESS" FOUL PLAY IS SUSPECTED.

A HALF HOUR LATER OUR FUGG GUYS ARE OUTSIDE A LARGE GRUBBY HOTEL ON FOLSOM SE, SOUTH OF MARKET, S.F. !!



BIG F. SOUNDED STRANGE! AMYLL'S VAN SHINGING ALMOST HAD SOME BAD AFTER-THOUGHTS.

ANY RUNNING WITH YOUR OLD SWEET HEART, END LEATHER SPILLS HEAVY TROUBLE.



WE'RE HERE TO INSPECT THE WATER PRESSURE!

LOCKED ONLY

YOU'RE EXPECTED! BETTER HURRY

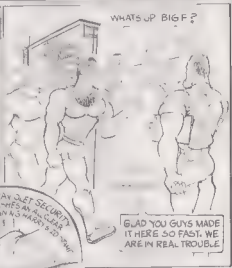
DEFROST WALT DISNEY



HARRY CHES AND CREW REPORTING IN CENTRAL

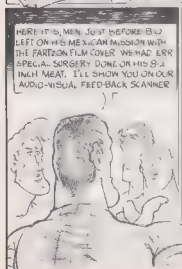
INT. OF 1900'S

FUGG'S TRAY GET SECURITY ARMED. FUGG'S ALREADY AFTER PLANNING HARRY'S DEATH



WHAT'S UP BIG F?

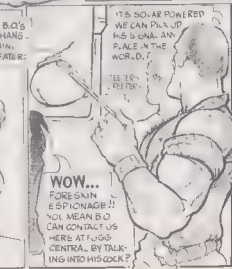
Glad you guys made it here so fast. We are in real trouble



HERE IT IS, MEN. JUST BEFORE B.O. LEFT ON HIS MEXICAN MISSION WITH THE PARTIZON FILM COVER. WE HAD ERR SPECIAL SURGERY DONE ON HIS 8-2 INCH MEAT. I'LL SHOW YOU ON OUR AUDIO-VISUAL FEED-BACK SCANNER



SEE HERE...INSIDE B.O.'S ENORMOUS OVERHANG. WE PLANTED A MINI-CASSETTE TRANS MEATER: I WILL GIVE YOU A GUIDE TO'



IT'S SO FAR POWERED WE CAN PICK UP HIS SIGNAL ANY PLACE IN THE WORLD.

SEE TR-RETS-

WOW... FORESKIN ESPIONAGE!! YOU MEAN B.O. CAN CONTACT US HERE AT FUGG CENTRAL. BY TALKING INTO HIS COCK?

YEAH... BUT B.O. CAN ONLY ACTIVATE HIS TRANS-MEATER BY WEARING HIS SPECIAL KRYPTON COCKRING. WHICH IS A HIGHLY SENSITIVE MICRODOT ANTENNA. IT TOOK SONY YEARS TO PERFECT THIS SENSITIVE UNIT FOR US!

OK, BIG F... BUT WHAT'S ALL THE HEAVY SWEAT? IS FUGG CENTRAL JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS THIS NEW VALUABLE AND TOP SECRET TRANS-MEATER HAS FALLEN INTO LEWD LEATHERS E.G. HEROUS HANDS?

AND I THOUGHT WEE-WEES WERE FOR WICKEN 'N' DICKEN

FAR WORSE HARRY AFTER B.O. WENT THROUGH THIS EXPENSIVE SURGERY THE COMMITTEE DECIDED TO INSURE THE EQUIPMENT WITH LLOYDS.

THE POLICY WAS FOR THREE BILLION... WITH A RIDER... STATING THAT IF ANYONE'S ARMPIT SHOULD FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS AND BE 'ELIMINATED', FUGG FORGITS EVERYTHING! IT COULD

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY LEWD AND HIS TWO PRICK NEPHEWS DIDN'T JUST WIPE OUT B.O. IN THE FIRST PLACE! WHY KODAP HIM??

BANKRUPT OUR WHOLE FUGG FORCE!!

HOLY VOMITS WILL!

BECAUSE LEWD IS UP TO SOMETHING NASTY!

UNTIL GEORGE MAHARIS.

BIG F, SIR HURRY I'M READING B.O. OVER MONSREL FREQUENCY... LOUD AND CLEAR!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN A HOT DUSTY BASEMENT, B.O. TRIES TO SPREAD HIS MUNKY LEGS SO HE CAN FLAG AN URGENT SOB TO FUGG CENTRAL.

IS THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN REALLY S-REWEED DOWN?

LISTEN... FUCK UNCLE GEORGE GEORGE... I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME... THEY'LL BE BACK ANY SEC... I'M BEING FORCIBLY DETAINED IN THE BASEMENT OF THE BEULAH BONDAGE BODYSHOP, THE MACHO GYM THAT WHIPS YOU INTO SHAPE... IN VENICE, CA. I HURRY... I'M GOING TO BE...

YEAH!

SO YOU SHIVELING COCKSUCKER... TALKING TO YOURSELF? WELL YOU'LL SOON BE QUIET ENOUGH. HEE HEE! BOYS, PUT THESE ELECTRICAL GAGGERS CLAMPS ON HIS OVERHANG AND BETWEEN HIS BALLS AND DRAG HIM DOWN TO THE TUBS... HIS BATH IS ABOUT READY... SLURP

SHIT... THE CIRCUIT JUST WENT DEAD!

TO BE CONTINUED!



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(416) 366-1292

ASTROLOGIC

SAGITTARIUS S (Nov 22-Dec 21) New romance possible in the beginning year. However, your bad attitude and tendency to know-it-all can ruin the relationship even before it gets off the ground. Good! That's really mean.

SAGITTARIUS M: Good M's get more out of the pain of broken past relationships than on the relationships themselves.

CAPRICORN S (Dec 22-Jan 20): A change can do you good. Start the year off right. Move to a new location, or even a new city. Don't forget to unchain those slaves in the basement before the new tenants move in.

CAPRICORN M: A fresh new dungeon is in your future. That means you have to be housebroken all over again.

AQUARIUS S (Jan 21-Feb 29): Winter weather can be a real pain in the ass. Don't let your slaves piss outside. What good is a cock on the end of a six-foot icicle?

AQUARIUS M: Strand yourself in a blizzard and hope your Master cares enough to go searching for you. But don't bank on it.

PISCES S (Feb 20-Mar 20): Carve a fetish idol in the image of Rev. Jim Jones and make your slave perform rituals around it. Serve lots of Kool-Aid in old tubs.

PISCES M: Get away to a warm climate for the winter. The Guyana Holiday Inn has lots of openings: *You* check in; *they* check you out.

ARIES S (Mar 21-Apr 19): Did you start the new year off with a bang. If you didn't, maybe a gang-bang around the middle of the month will suffice.

ARIES M: Call your S around the 15th. Be sure to douche severely with a good astringent (Perrier water will *not* do!).

TAURUS S (Apr 20-May 20): The Catholic Church celebrates Jan. 1 as the Feast of the Circumcision. Throw yourself a Roman Catholic orgy and invite only uncircumcised studs. Let something festive develop.

TAURUS M: If you're uncircumcised, see above. If not, sew a piece of chicken skin on your cock for effect.

GEMINI S (May 21-June 21): As the nostalgic strains of "Sleep in Heavenly Piss" filter from the bygone holiday season, resolve to begin this new year with a fresh new harem of slaves. Round-up and branding time is a real hoot in winter.

GEMINI M: Expect to be lassoed and hog-tied to a disco beat by some urban cowboy with a microwave branding iron.

CANCER S (June 22-July 21): Take your favorite M to see *Midnight Express* at the local cinema and tease him with fantasies of torture in Turkish prisons.

CANCER M: Ask your Master if you can stay for the midnight show in case you missed something really disgusting.

LEO S (July 22-Aug 21): Welcome the new year with a masquerade and merde party. Everyone is to come as their favorite toilet... or in their favorite toilet.

LEO M: When someone wishes you a shitty New Year, take them literally.

VIRGO S (Aug 22-Sept 22): Have a Leather New Year. Start fresh with a whole new fantasy wardrobe. However, Gucci is definitely over-reacting.

VIRGO M: Renew an old flame... set your pubic hair on fire.

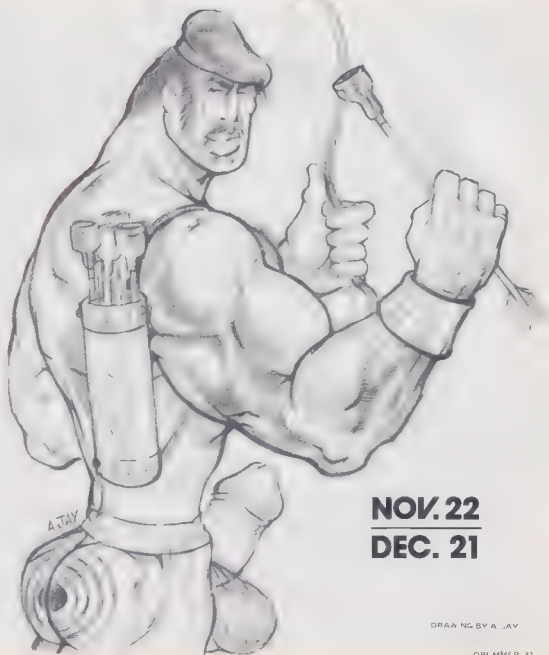
LIBRA S (Sept 23-Oct 22): Wallpaper your dungeon for the New Year. Select a tastefully sadistic pattern. I hear Senator Briggs of California has tons of leftover "YES ON 8" bumper stickers.

LIBRA M: This new year will probably be your most humiliating year ever. You will become pregnant.

SCORPIO S (Oct 23-Nov 21): Time to move up in luxury relative to your status as an S. Trade that tired old Toyota in on a MIG fighter.

SCORPIO M: Wear all blue Christmas lights on your back so your Master can use your ass as a runway.

SAGITTARIUS



NOV. 22
DEC. 21

DRAWING BY A. JAY

THE BATTERED LEX BARKER

BY JACK FRITSCHER

FROM THE GREAT COLLECTION OF LA CAVE



NOBODY FUCKS LEX BARKER ANYMORE

In the good ol' usta-be's of Saturday matinee marquees, we mostly stuck our peckers — the whole front row of us — through holes we punched in the greasy bottoms of our buttercorn boxes, just puttin' our prepube hands in on our own salty dogs.

Al the guys said, "Ain't Jane got hard on tits!"

We'd all say, "Ugh!"

And the salt burned good like grit down among our sweltering palms.

But the hardon wasn't Jane's tits.

"Starring LEX BARKER" was what drifted the thrill through the bottom of the popcorn boxes. Just those simple headlines "Starring LEX BARKER!"

Even today in film history books his movies still have no titles. And Lex has even less mention.

Look up all the Barrymores, a Bancroft, a Bankhead, even a Theda Bara (whose name is an anagram for *Arab Death*), and go as far as the Richards Barthelness and Basehart. Among these Hollywood B's, unsympatico film historians ignore the movies "Starring LEX BARKER!" Even his greatest, *La Dolce Vita*, is listed not as a LEX BARKER movie, but as a snobby Fellini film!

The nerve! After all that Lex suffered stripped, bound, beaten, branded, spread eagled, humiliated. If the Indians didn't get him, the Zulus did; and the camera turned away in a blush while we turned on with a rush.

LEX HAD PEX

When Lex was a cowboy, he wore soft chamois leathers. When Lex swung as Tarzan, he wore soft chamois loincloths. In deserts and jungles, Lex's cotton clothes always rotted off from sweat faster than Ursula Un-dress.

Lex, you see, had something no man else in the Fifties was really allowed to exploit: A BODY!

Meanwhile, audiences had been Gar boed and Gabled, Harlowed and Novar-

roed, Prestoned and Hestoned. We were C.B. DeBriolified at Bijou's surely temple-fied. We were Wayned and Payned and Taylormade. We were Peter Lorre-d and Victor Jorry-d. We were even Myrna Loy-d.

But Lex was sex.

He was Sigmund Freud on celluloid.

So keep the obviously "Remembered Ones,"

Keep your Bogart, Brando, Jimmy Dean,

Newman, Woodward, Steve McQueen,

Tracy, Hepburn, 3-D creatures,

Even Monroe's double features

They were too "normal," compared to Lex, tied to everything but the kitsch en sin.

VIDEO-JERK

So I'm buying now my video cassettes "Starring LEX BARKER!"

I'll ruin my eyes

and sallow my complexion

I'll grow hair on my palms,

and twist my affection

I'll sit still closer

to my video screen,

till seer mergos with the seen.

Larger than life, projected I'll go

off with Lex in the pitcher show, tying and torturing with great affection

oving Lex with rear projection.

A reel marquee de Saturday!

At least, he had the good taste to drop dead outside Bloomingdale's in New York City.

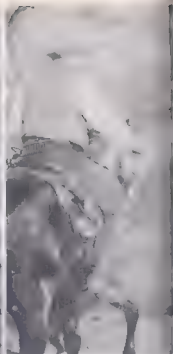
© 1979 Jack Fritscher

SWINGTIME (1954) with Fred and Ginger (right).





Bearded and butcher than before, even though bound by skinny Italian Indians in 1965's
APACHE GOLD (Did he smoke it?)



Zsa Zsa Gabor costarred in Lex's **GIRL IN THE KREMLIN**.
 Who played the title role?





THE MAN FROM BITTER RIDGE (1955).



"Looks like a 40 long to me, Bwana," TARZAN'S PERIL (1951)

MYSTERY OF THE BLACK JUNGLE (1955)



She-Devil offers Tarzan a gourdful of Jonestown Grape Kool-Aid (1950 zilch)





TOP Raymond Burr tortures Lex on brochette in TAR ZAN AND THE SHE DEVIL.

BOTTOM. Yes, he is, Bound and whipped in WAR DRUMS, a Bel-Air Production.



BOOK
SECTION

A CERTAIN PREDICAMENT RITES OF PASS



A SCIENCE FICTION
DOUBLE FEATURE
story and drawings by Olaf

Part 1

It was a very small planet, orbiting an obscure star, somewhere in an uncharted part of the galaxy. He did not want to explore it. He wanted to be elsewhere. But, he was stranded.

The computer was still operative, but when he questioned it about the planet, the computer drew a blank. Then he decided that it didn't matter whether or not it was charted; the communications system was dead and he was too far out in new space to use telepathy. He should have given the planet a name, but that did not matter. If he got back to Central or Earth he could name it something. What did matter was that he was stranded, angry, very tired and just a little frightened, a condition which experience in his late life had taught him to ignore. He climbed into his capsule console and went to sleep. It seemed a reasonable thing to do.

He dreamed for the fifth night in a row, not at all.

The next day he reviewed his predicament: a crippled ship, an uncharted planet in new space, no communications, a limited supply of life-support materials and a certain numbness that crept over his body everytime he had difficulty coping with the significance of the situation. He knew what was required of him - he had been well-trained for every eventuality - but he did not want to cope. He wanted to sleep, to put an end to the pain. He took a barbiturate, stretched his arms and, for a fleeting moment, observed his moving body on the telescreen monitor. Something seemed to be alive in him, he felt, but he turned his mind to other things.

The idleness of the computer bothered him for the first time he could remember. Soon, with the coffee in his hand and the ultrasonics bathing him, he decided to confront what he had scrupulously avoided since he had awakened his predicament.

He wanted to think about boxing. He had done a minor thesis on the ancient sport once and it had remained of obsessive interest to him. Anything, however, except for the facts of the present would have interested him.

Now, however, confronted by the reality of the present situation, he had to face facts and cope with the present. The computer had, the night before, reported certain break downs in the ship that needed equipment for repair which was light-years away.

After breakfast, he laid back in the lounge chair and tried to enjoy a massage, but it didn't stop the numbness. He

tried to think he might as well escape it all for a while, then decided against it. He ordered the computer to begin sending out distress signals on the auxiliary, and was informed that it had begun signals upon demand. He was also informed that the ship was in new space. What then? Expletives, as foul as years of isolation could make them. But that helped only as a relief to his anger and frustration. The numbness was worse than ever. He placed an erotictron over his lower abdomen and laid back, trying to enjoy a manual masturbation. Even with visual images, he didn't enjoy it. He reached a climax without really feeling it.

Then an awareness of a fact that he had attempted to avoid suddenly, as realities come after sex, he was faced with the problem which was undeniable: his survival, or death. There were only limited life-support materials in the ship. So, the answers to his survival lay, paradoxically, outside the ship. On that little, lethal planet that should not have been there.

Time was slipping away from him. He had to do something. He decided to go outside. The air was filled with alien bioforms. However, it might be extracted and purified. Fortunately, the ship's mechanisms, except for the propulsion and communications systems, were operational. He donned a sterilized helmet and prepared to go outside, but first he scanned the terrain with holographic video. It was a pleasant, dream-like place, belying the deadliness of its bioforms. The colors were iridescent, shimmering, changing. Because of the airborne bioforms, everything moved, swayed, heaved in a way that was almost hypnotic.

He asked the computer to place him outside. He disliked the experience of dematerializing, but awoke to find himself moments later, floating above the sparkling surface of what

he called a globe, as if it were thick and boiling. He activated recording apparatus and began sending out bioprobes to collect specimens. He had to find a source of food and, perhaps, energy.

The place was saturated with bioforms, thick with them. That was the source of the movement. Life. All of it absurdly stupid. All of it microscopically tiny. These bioforms seemed to swarm collectively in order to project shape and form, but that shape and form never gained any definition. It constantly changed. Nothing stopped moving. Nothing stopped changing.

Tiny bioprobes reached out into the swarming masses and collected specimens for analysis. Gradually the sample tubes beneath the globe were filling. In the recesses of his mind a horrible thought came. The bioforms were not life. There was nothing here. But... but... At least there was his own intelligent life and that, among the known planets, was a rarity. And

affinity toward that life, no matter how strange it might be, that he too shared the force that moved through them. Form and shape varied, there were no duplications in the universe. But all shared a single similar basis for being. Life. The energy

of the universe, was the same. He had often wondered about the source, the common ancestor of life in the universe, but that was hopeless. Such an ancestor was lost to the vast recesses of time. No life, after all, is complete without death, and time kills all things. Somewhere, at the beginning, when everything began from a single mass of matter, when that matter exploded outward, that ancestor began to move about the ex-

panse of life. But that was too long ago and now all that man could do was theorize, and learn all he could about those bioforms which existed. And discover new life which inhabited

what he found. Or, like himself, record it as art.

For he was an artist. A space artist financed by galactic grants. But this was more than research or art. This was a game with deadly consequences to him. Out of these swarms of life-forms he had to discover some source of life for himself. For it is axiomatic that when life exists, as it did in him, it must consume other life in order to continue its existence. It cannot exist on matter which had never possessed life. And that life to be consumed could not act against him. For on Lons, a gas, locked on planet Earth, man had evolved immunities from most known Earth diseases. But, confronted with alien life



forms, man had little immunity. And most of these life forms were, in fact, deadly for him. Some of them could be processed, broken down into their chemical constituents and reassembled, purified and transmitted into edible substances. But the mass of known extraterrestrial life forms were simply beyond the capabilities of his ship's equipment.

After an hour or so he returned to the ship, which was enveloped in a cloud of swarming bioforms. It was already dusk on the small planet, its day being only three hours and forty eight minutes long (Earth time). As darkness devoured the planet, the bioforms swarmed more outerly, expanding until

He was alone. The computer, after sterilizing the globe, removed the tubes of samples to its laboratory for testing. He removed his sterilist and went to the lounge, asked the computer to let him know the results of the tests as soon as possible, and decided to take a short soma. He took it with coffee and stretched out, naked, on the soft floor, switching on some light play and music. He thought of a man whose image had remained with him for years, but whom he had never under stood, as the soma hit him, and he watched as the video forms, dancing three-dimensionally, moved through the room, altering themselves into the forms of his mind. The man walked through the images, as remembered in his mind, altering the man's shape to the images and patterns of his own art. He closed his eyes and the images remained in his mind exploding, noisecue, into a rainbow and then into the antique forms of his sexual species: fire, water, weapons and caves. He had difficulty concentrating until he suddenly remembered a night, years before, before he had entered the service, before his years of celibacy. Before he had become an old, celestial artist, zen-like in his search for alien forms, colors, shapes, ideas.

He was young again, in the old young, hunky body of his old art had worn off. When he had been in

and now
the danger of such sex,
the possibility of an ultimate climax. Semen had been found in the asses of all the victims, and each of the victims had climaxed.

He went home with someone who fit the description the police had broadcast: dark-haired, muscular, hirsute, much like himself. The man had a scar on his upper lip which gave him a cruel leer, which the police never mentioned, which gave him doubts about this man being the killer. But, even so, he was a sexy number, tall, thick and masterful.

The sex had been good. There was bondage and fear, enough cruelty to make the loving meaningful to him, enough of the dungeon in his mind's fantasy to excite him to spend the night with this strange and powerful man, to end up loving him, in his way, by his means.

He couldn't remember, after he had blacked out, near the morning, now it had ended. He only remembered finding himself walking down a street, the place he had been drawing for the past year. The same bricks, windows, entrances, even shadows and lights. But it was no S&M palace. A small sign in front proclaimed it to be the "More Plastic Company." He sat for an hour across the street from the building, as the sun arose and lit the building in its golden rays, its towers and tin roofs standing tall against

the fading fog. He remembered the good times: how the man had bound and beat him, taken his self respect from him and humiliated him and then, when he had felt himself reduced to pulp, had fucked him; that moment, when, after hours of degradation, of humiliation and defeat, struggling against the master, he had succumbed to defeat, he had given in, in order

what he wanted, and had blacked out.
He leashed straps, the restraints, the torture and blood running down his abdominals into the hairs of his groin where his hands picked it up out of his pubic hairs as he jerked off;

he had been emasculated, enfeebled and brought to climax beyond his control; the truly diabolical horror of his body not being his own, but the property of another, the torment of this other feeling, of passions unrivaled before this deed, this stud that he had cared. Before the Christ of the old world, the old art, before Michaelangelo and Caravaggio, into the recesses of human history, came men struggling against the

skiness of an absolute night, he had screamed out: I am not of their kind, I am not of their kind.

But he was. He loved the pain, the helplessness of bondage of allowing a masterful man to overwhelm him, of being all that was weak and cowardly, passive and woman y the victim, not the prick, the cross and not the Christ. He could never rise above this humiliation, this degradation of his human soul: no need. He was fulfilled and hated every moment of it. The cock in his ass, the nail in the cross. The loss of his manhood.

He saw the Chronicle man put the papers in a box at the corner and went over and deposited twenty cents in the slots. On page two he saw an item, with a photo, that made his blood curdle. It was the man he had spent the night with "S & M Killer Stalks Again," the headlines read, And, in smaller type, "Another Gay Victim Slain - Killer Unknown."

The soma wore off. He heard the computer call him again, and he answered, yes?

"I have preliminary results of the tests."

"Well."
"There is an algae-like bioform which, at present, is lethal. But it has hopeful characteristics."

"It reproduces rapidly and has a relatively long life span. Its DNA can be easily manipulated and perhaps can be made safe for consumption."

"May...?"
"Positive results will not be ready for an hour or so. It is the only possibility among the specimens collected."

"Damn. Well, get to work on it. We've got to find something."
"Right."

He switched on the outer video monitor, illuminated the immediate area around his ship and watched the swarms moving about. It didn't make sense, none of it, not his being here, not the break down, not this small planet which should not

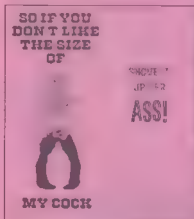
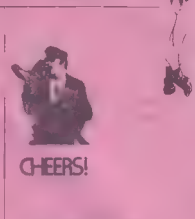
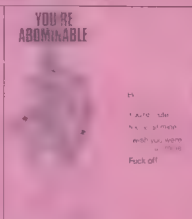
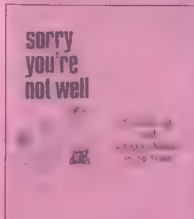
bernetic understanding, something outside logic, or tech-

Something beyond his experience or understanding. And there was no way of knowing what was wrong. It was just a feeling, and instinct, perhaps, nothing he could put his finger on. A chill, a sudden terror.

The computer reported failure. But it didn't matter. He knew what was wrong.

When a man dies his machines die. It is strange how one can face the unknown without ever being aware of what is so obvious. It is because it seems to be familiar and, even so, wrong. How many times to come, how many times before? It all moves full circle to the source. There is no answer to the question, there is no final resolution to the game. It, quite simply, is. And, the last reality is the first. He was aware of that much. But now there was nothing left to do. He didn't need them, so he switched off the computer and the life support systems. Dead men have other needs. And he had been dead a long time, picture in the paper, obituary columns strangled in his own blood and caught in the cross-currents of time: victim of his own imagination, having never let go.

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The Emporium

If it turns you on, we've got it.

Dorak had, simply, been drawn into the dark passages, the halls and aisles, stairways and coves from one area to another, rubbing bodies in the crowded spaces, sucking cock, being sucked and so on, until, finally, he was in the bar, crisscrossing in accusal poses, drinking in the bar, cruising in the dark corners, gazing at the art in the gallery, having a hamburger, watching someone having his head shaved, watching bodybuilders working out in the gym (fascinated as two Atlases wrestled and fucked each other), the locker rooms (where he sniffed cock straps while someone gave him a blow job), the cowboy set (pure Holly-wood, where he donned a cowboy hat and boots and got fucked riding double on a horse, the saddle horn pressing lightly into his groin).

He saw a black door on the fourth floor, and remembered the towers; he felt drawn to the door. It opened by itself as he approached it. There was a long, narrow staircase. He could not tell for sure if he could see the top of it, but he could see that there was a bright light ahead of him. He began to climb. The walls were mahogany paneled and leather coated. The banister was gleaming brass. The stair was carpeted in dark brown fur.

He had not realized how much noise he was leaving behind him, the disco music primarily, until it began to fade away, the static of stillness remaining in his ears.

The light at the top was almost too brilliant to bear. He tried to shade his eyes, it didn't help much.

His eyes began to adjust to the brightness. He saw, at the top of the stairs, a man with black hair and sharp, blue eyes. He seemed to be in a trance. Dorak felt compelled to move toward him. The man lifted his bowed head and looked at Dorak, his gaze seeming to burn Dorak's eyes. Dorak pulled back. The man smiled. And, suddenly, Dorak felt warm and alive in ways he seldom felt.

"Who are you?" Dorak asked, kneeling before the seated figure.

"I am the Dreamer," the man replied. "My name is Sam. You have a general admission ticket. Shall we go?"

Dorak was puzzled. "Where?" He asked.

"Your dreams or mine, whichever you prefer."

"Can you merge them?" Dorak asked.

"Reluctantly. Oh, don't be put off," Sam said, "It's just a matter of sometimes conflicting styles. Of course it is possible."

"If there is a conflict, can we put a stop to it?"

"Of course. I command a tight ship. I can both dream and be aware."

"Then, let's do it. If it is all right with you, Sam."

Sam looked at Dorak. "There is one thing, whatever happens, when two dreams merge, both dreamers must be completely aware."

"But not for the rest of us, unfortunately. Can you do it?"

"Yes, I think so," Dorak was mesmerized by the man; he had never felt so attracted to anyone he wanted not only their dreams, but their bodies and minds to blend as well.

"The consequences of dishonesty can be devastating," Sam said. "Come, sit down with me."

Dorak sat in front of Sam. They faced each other.

"Move closer, here," Sam said, indicating to Dorak that he wanted them to entwine their legs about each other. Their cocks met.

Sam's mouth to Dorak's mouth; his tongue boldly pushed itself into Dorak's mouth; their cocks were erect, pressing tightly against each other.

When Dorak pulled himself back from Sam's kiss, he saw that they were in another place, a strange and lonely place, with no clear definition to anything. Slowly, the place began to come into focus.

They were in the center of an Arabian tent, on a Persian rug, surrounded by richly patterned pillows, hookahs, tall glasses and half a dozen muscular, pale, shaved slaves.

Sam lifted Dorak by the buns and lowered him onto his cock. Dorak began to shiver as the cock pressed deeper into him. Sam twisted Dorak's tits, spit on his hand and began to jerk off Dorak's cock. Dorak began, slowly at first, trying to feel Sam's rhythms, to move his ass about, up and down, from side to side. A slave came near them and began to play a pipe, a sensuous weaving music. Dorak moved his ass, contracting his sphincters in rhythm to the music. Sam leaned back on one arm, still rubbing Dorak's cock, breathing deeply.

The music grew faster, Dorak's movements intensified, Sam began to sweat. Dorak felt the cum building up, felt Sam's cock stiffen to steel-like hardness, felt his abdomen's quiver, watched Sam's body contract to plumping, sweat-wet muscularity. They grabbed each other, ravished each other's mouths with their tongues, held each other so hard that their bodies, tensions reaching climax, began to blend into each other. Dorak felt Sam's excited cels mixing with his own, felt both of their bodies' excitements, the burning rush to climax.

They came together, as they were one. At that moment Dorak sensed in Sam something marvelous, beyond his experience or belief. It was as if he had seen everything. Pain, pleasure, past, future, everything in the collective memory of a human race. And yet, later, as he lay back, separate once more from Sam, he remembered the "everything," and it seemed to have been nothing at all, really.

They were lying, side by side, on the velvet-like carpet. As the memory returned to Dorak, Sam leaned over him and said, "You had the slightest glimpse of the Core."

Dorak nodded. When he had seen it, he knew it as if he had known it forever. He had known the Core.

"What did you see in me?" Dorak asked.

"The truth," Sam replied. He looked squarely into Dorak's eyes. "I saw the truth."

"Then you must know who I am and where I come from."

"I didn't expect someone like you, or this whole building for that matter when I came back here."

"I didn't bring you back in time, but I brought you into the present."

"Why? How?" Dorak asked.

"I sensed you on the street, I sensed that you were alien somehow, but I didn't know why. You don't look any different from the others, but you didn't belong. I was curious. Then, when I saw you, I wanted you."

"I still want you," Dorak said.

There were rites of slavery, rites of bondage, there was pain that transcended into pleasure, there was union and synergy, melting, merging, sipping the wonderful, sweet wine of each other's body and mind and soul, knowing and being known, dreaming each other's dream, touching and sharing the innermost secret places of the other, working out the knots and thorns of lives they had known and been outside the dream.

Sam said, "I saw your world as you see it."

"I wanted you to see it."

"Thank you. It is a hard world. For me it would be hard. It is my world."

They kissed, their bodies passionate and hard against each other.

They spun the web of their tapestry throughout time and space, and awoke on the raised tile circle in the tower of the great brick building, their legs encircling each other, their cocks still pressed hard against each other, their bodies wet with cum and sweat. Then Dorak was alone. Sam walked away, out of the bright light, disappearing into the shadows of a far wall.

There were no goodbyes. But, Dorak knew that it was over.

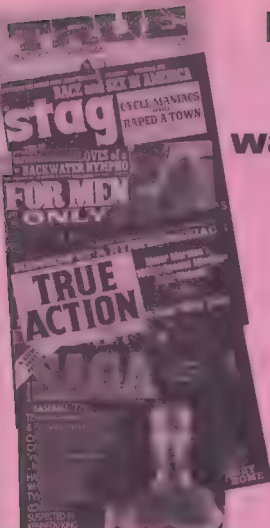
Dorak returned from his five seconds of timelessness. Karg refrained from time travel after Dorak came back; they spent long nights in bondage, discipline, and the pleasure of engaging their wills, like slugs with their horns locked, in the cells of the clone family cluster.

Dorak could not travel back again, ever; he understood that fact. For, if he could go back, if he were once more given his time-card, he knew that he would find, once more, the dark, brick building and would, once again, climb that long staircase once more open himself to the Dreamer and, once more, reveal his world to know the other.

He knew that he would never be reformed. The clone family would know it as well. Karg knew it.

He loved Karg, but Karg was his clone, his brother, his identical twin.

What he remembered of the Dreamer was so little, in a world of real things. Yet, it was everything he knew.



Ever wish one of those ballsy men's mags was for gay guys?

One is.

SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE DONE IT LONG AGO! Perhaps its time hadn't come. For instance, ten years ago who would have known how to handle something as powerful as the ALTERNATE?

We do feel that it is time for Gay pub'lising to grow up. We're the largest single minority in the country. The largest buying power are the most assertive and responsive and are the biggest trend setters of most any group.

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DRUMMER 79

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M 39, 5'11", 6" waist inexperienced but very willing to learn no leather, avi and cowboy fantasies. Am versatile and willing to assume either role with proper instruction. Box 4810

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magic, Voo-Doo, Satanism, Covens, disciples, etc (604) 921-7721 any time

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 West Germany seeks dominating,
 m partner to 30 for asting rela-
 onship Possible living together Box
 G901 (include Overseas Armed
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Replying to a coded ad?
See form on page 53

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no frems Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121 include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.

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Photo if poss. Please write to
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Would like to correspond with American gay men, especially from California. Am 24, passive. Angelo Hoszonski; Warzanska 15/6, 44 100 G twice PO AND

Canadian 5'11", 36, with new
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date visitors this winter into w/s.
gather-levis, fucking, reffing
parking. Phone (809) 722-3631

10-year-old M can assume either role, interested in the real man. Wants to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with either Masters and slaves. Box 228M (Include Overseas Airmail postage with response to this ad.)

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bodybuilders into leather straps,
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5. The following table shows the number of people who attended the 2000 Summer Olympic Games in Sydney, Australia, and the 2004 Summer Olympic Games in Athens, Greece. The number of people who attended the 2000 Summer Olympic Games in Sydney, Australia, is 14,763,000. The number of people who attended the 2004 Summer Olympic Games in Athens, Greece, is 10,265,000. Write the number of people who attended the 2000 Summer Olympic Games in Sydney, Australia, and the 2004 Summer Olympic Games in Athens, Greece, in standard form.

35 to 45, looks unimportant, but mature responsible capable of feeling, stable, intelligent; and personality a must, I can be into anything without it being pre-arranged. With the right person things can come by itself as long as it is enjoyable for both. Intelligent conversation afterwards. **a big plus! Box 167**

bs., bearded, oral obedience, tit-
network, rimming, humiliation, verbal
abuse, rocktraps, begging, either
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... early 40s, well built, attractive, personable, versatile, seeks stable partner for any activity. B&D, S&M or just good times. Will share great load with right guy, 25 to 45, good-looking, good body, good attitude. Box 126

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and wrestling, is selng his bag of
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sleep with you and wake up to the
morning stream, good and strong.
Let me come to the bars with you
and watch you drink, then take me
to the alley or the car, and let me
get on my knees and quench my
thirst. 3D W M .B 20E

willing to exchange language lessons
for sessions. Box 172 IWI,

5'4", 130 lbs. straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bicycling and hiking (motorcycles a possibility), turned on by horse and motorcycle types, would like to put some of his raunchy fantasies into reality action w/ his compatible buddy or buddies. Box 175.

Anglo dude, young slender fair,
uncut, goodlooking, has fantasy
about dominance by Samurai war
rior. Reality would be for an Asian,
hopefully Japanese dude, taller than
my 5'10" slender to muscular, to
stride into my life in ceremonial
robes, naked underneath, wandish
a traditional Samurai sword. Would
humbly bow and serve. Others with
some or similar fantasy encouraged
to write, share, explore. Photos?
Box 176, (CA)

ice slave seeks understanding Master to train me right Box 174

M, 5'11", 145 lbs, 7' out, good looking slave, firm sweaty, smooth body seeking hot young stud for total service. Box 188 (CA)

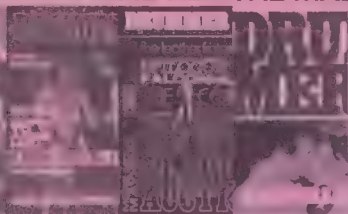
How do you feel reading about it has got you hot and hard? Want to learn more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct. Box 173

dictated, wants real masters to 40,
into all across Travel USA and
Europe constantly. Please, Sir, write
me your intentions and instructions
Real thing. No frasse. Box 124

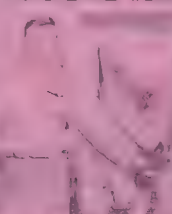
mand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B

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ISSUE 16

BEST & WORST
OF DRUMMER

DRUMMER views the Flicks

Midnight
Express

The greatest threat to the homosexual in America today is not the Anita Bryant or John Briggs campaigning for Christ or political advancement. Nor is it the political propositions threatening to infringe upon human rights. The greatest threat to the homosexual is his failure to be self-reliant, to stop pretending that institutions — family, church, government, or anyone else — are going to save him from the wrath of the irrational and award him his rights as an individual. MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, Hollywood's current killer, offers a vivid visual reminder for the homosexual not yet convinced that self-reliance is the only escape from the prison into which his own fear has cast him.

Gays will turn onto MIDNIGHT EXPRESS. But for all the wrong reasons. They will cream for the James Dean-like Brad Davis who portrays Billy Hayes, a young American imprisoned for his attempt to honcho some hash out of Turkey. Davis is hot. Physically, that is. As an actor he plays the role with little dimension up, down, or sideways. Bland is a good descriptive.

For the heavy-duty gays in the crowd, it's a heavy chunk of physical abuse on Billy Hayes and his fellow inmates that will bring joy to their hearts. Hard is the word no matter what end of the battering rod your psyche is touching. But all the sadism is Hollywood gloss. Sure, it looks real. Sure the audience gasps and

cringes. Sure you can feel the whap of the rod on the soles of your feet as you hang suspended in a torture na. But we should expect as much from Hollywood. Unfortunately, the torture is always a little too real, a little too perfect, a little too refined.

Gays will turn onto the intimate exchanges of Billy and a friend in a shower. Maybe they will not notice a single scene 10 seconds later in the next scene, Billy's raised finger, that jets his friend and us, know, in no uncertain terms, that Billy Hayes is no queer in a Turkish prison. Despite the book's revelation that Billy developed a homosexual relationship with a Swedish prisoner, Hollywood has chosen to deny all such possibilities.



and keep Billy Hayes celibate for five years. It's fine to have Billy bite off the tongue of an informer in a ghastly scene of violence here is salable entertainment for a wide box office market. But homosexuality? Hollywood did not want to offend its potential customers.

The snags that plague the film should not detract from a visually stunning cinematography that mellows the eye with poetry-like visions and satisfies our need to escape the abject ugliness to which MIDNIGHT EXPRESS subjects us. The musical score is so excellent you hardly know it is there. Its presence is contrapuntal stimuli that cleverly massages the heart like musical poppers without the morning after headache.

In sharp contrast to the weak characterization by Brad Davis, John Hurt is more than magnificent as Max, a half beaten, English hippy, who shares the prison screen with Billy Hayes. Max is mentor, seer, cynic, wiseman, and fool. But, unlike Hayes, he has lost it, lost the resiliency to fight back or to even care about escape from hell.

Even with its weaknesses, and aided by its moments of strength, MIDNIGHT EXPRESS is an important film for the homosexual. Cut through the bullshit play for your praise by the film's half-baked hints at homosexuality. Cut through a cinematic violence that is, while being excessive, somehow void and empty of real brutality. Cut through Brad Davis' pretty face and tight ass. Bask in the film's cinematographic superiority and realize that the turnkey for you has to be self-reliance.

Despite a father and a government working for his release, Billy Hayes knows from the day the judge extends to 30 years his almost completed prison term that he is alone in surviving his prison, that he is alone in his escape. With this realization, he takes hold of his future and fixes his direction on the Midnight Express.

The homosexual in America today shares a similar prison with prisoners as devoid of hope as Billy's friend, Max. The real Midnight Express for Billy begins when he walks against the crowd, to the cell.

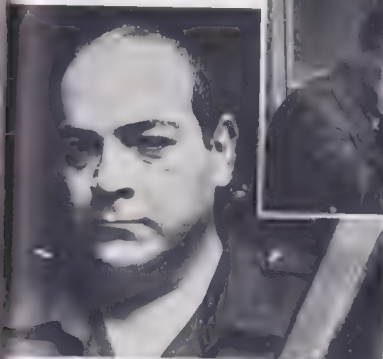


FAR LEFT Brad Davis, in his first feature film, stars in "Midnight Express," the powerful story dramatizing Billy Hayes' emotional ordeal and daring escape from a Turkish prison.

TOP Billy Hayes and his blond Scandinavian cellmate perform Yoga in prison.

BOTTOM Executive producer Peter Guber (left) with the real Billy Hayes on the film's location in Asia.

TOP: Father meets Son with head torturer, aided by fierce Turk guards, lurking in the background.
MIDDLE: The torturer—ironic: The Turks gave the word hash and ass.
BOTTOM: Billy's nightmare arrest. The cinematographer captured the essence of his nightmare. He wasn't in a uniform, scene that ended when he announced: "Okay, officer, you can stop arresting me—*ve cum*."



The real Midnight Express for the homosexual in America begins when he begins to rely on himself. Like Billy Hays, the defeat of a proposition aimed against him can foot him into believing, that release is only days away. But like Billy Hays, the homosexual must confront the real possibility that judges do reverse decisions and the only exit from his *hulk* class is strong, determined, and aggressive self-reliance.

J. FROSTEN



DRUMMER views the Flicks

PARADISE ALLEY

Lee Canailito, who makes his film debut as Sylvester Stallone's younger brother in Universal's "Paradise Alley," playing a wrestler, has gone back into training. However, he's not training as a wrestler, nor as an actor. He has instead gone back to training as a boxer under a rigorous regime set up for him by Miami's primo trainer of boxing champions, Angelo Dundee.

The 24-year-old Canailito, Dundee's protegee, "had four fights so far, three of them televised." According to Dundee, "that's really unusual for a beginner. But it's lucky they were televised."

Stallone, who is not only the star of "Paradise Alley," but also its writer and director, remembered a fight he had seen some months earlier. That fight featured a handsome young boxer of mammoth proportions: Lee Canailito, who is six feet five and weighs 255 pounds. Stallone contacted Dundee.

Since the professional actor Stallone had originally cast was unable to play the role of Victor Carboni, the actor-writer director required someone with a massive build, shy demeanor and a certain "family" resemblance to Stallone.

"The minute Stallone called me," recalls Dundee, "I called Lee and told him he was going to be in the movies. The first thing Lee said was 'come on, who's our next opponent?' He just couldn't believe he was going to be in the movies."

Dundee, known to everyone who watches boxing as "the guy in Muhammad Ali's corner" saw something special in Canailito during a Golden Gloves bout. The fact that Canailito had made all-American in his sophomore year as a football player did not impress Dundee.

"Football players don't move right to be boxers," Dundee says. "A lot of them come to me, but I don't take them on. If you're trained at football, that's all you can do. But Lee was an exception. He was great."

In "Paradise Alley," a serio-comic story about three brothers set in New York's Hell's Kitchen circa 1946, Canailito wrestles under the name "Kid Salami." Preparing for the film, Canailito soon became aware that he had to use a different set of muscles in the wrestling scenes, different from those he uses when boxing.

"We weren't fooling around," Canailito

says, "Everytime you hear me grunting, I am grunting. Not only had I never acted before, I'd never wrestled. I was trembling."

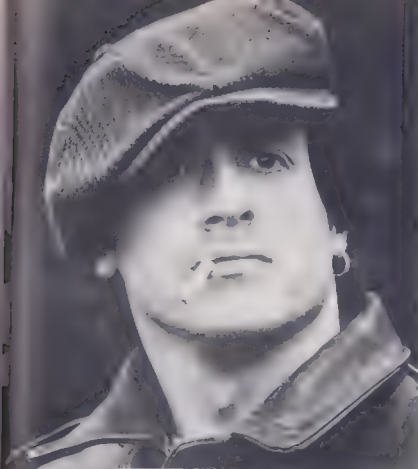
Terry Funk, a former world champion wrestler who makes his screen debut as Kid Salami's antagonist, Frank the Trumper — worked with Canailito months before shooting began, teaching everything from elementary moves through advanced holds.

"After working with Terry," says Canailito, "I was beginning to be able to take all the blows. All I can say is, it was physical, very physical — particularly when I had to wrestle 40 guys in one day!"

"I was truly thrilled to get back in the ring after that."

Universal's "Paradise Alley" was written and directed by, and stars, Sylvester Stallone. Produced by John F. Roach and Ronald A. Suppa, with Edward Pressman serving as executive producer, it also stars Kevin Conway, Anne Archer and Joe Spinell, and introduces Armand Assante, Lee Canailito, Almee Eccles, Terry Funk, Joyce Ingalls, Frank McRae and Tom Waits.





TOP Sylvester Stallone, as Cosmo Carboni, who considers himself "the most promising human being in the neighborhood."

BELOW Lee Canalito (right), as Victor Carboni, is "psyched-up" by his brother Lenny (Arnold Assanti) during a hand-wrestling contest with Franky the Thumper (Terry Funk)



DRUM

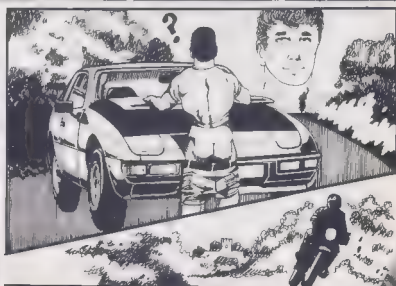
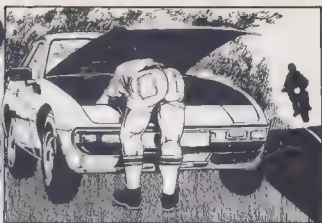
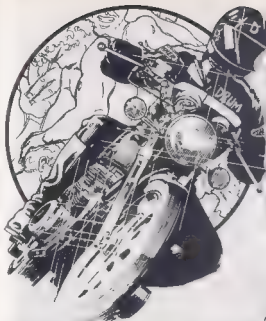


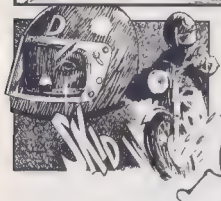
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STUNTMAN'S GATE BRIDGE LEAP HALTED

Concord strongman Mike Dayton's well-publicized plan to leap from the Golden Gate Bridge dissolved in a quiet surrender to highway patrolmen on the span the other morning.

He said that he'd be back. The California Highway Patrol said that he had promised officers he would not.

Dayton, a former Mr. America whose 19-inch biceps allow him to break police handcuffs with a shrug, was grabbed by two sergeants and three patrolmen as he attempted to step out of a friend's car 40 feet south of the bridge's south tower at 11:10 a.m. The CHP and bridge district, along with scores of reporters, had been alerted to the time and place Dayton would attempt his leap.

Dayton was adamant that he would, as some unexpected time return. "I can't stop guys thinking about that bridge," he said. "I've got to let that bridge."

Dayton's promised 22-foot leap was precluded late Tuesday by a breaking big four reporters and admirers at Cobb's Bar.

The bar — at 2069 Chestnut street — has adopted Dayton. Programs for yesterday's events were distributed and T-shirts honoring the stuntman, the bar and the bridge were available, declaring the

wearer to be a member of the "Official recovery team."

Yesterday, the bridge pedestrian walkway had been closed at 10 a.m., but cameramen were waiting in the parking lot, at Ft. Point and in boats below the bridge as the great moment arrived.

Dayton's car — with Dayton standing up in an open sunroof — was picked up by a Highway Patrol car as soon as it moved onto the bridge.

The strongman was lectured and then released.

He had worn a reinforced wet suit and his wrists, elbows, knees and abdomen were taped to give him extra protection because he expected to hit the water at about 100 m.p.h.

The police were very nice to me, Dayton said.

"They handcuffed me until they told them that I would break the cuffs."

A Highway Patrol spokesman said there was concern that a successful jump would inspire others who were not as physically or mentally prepared as Dayton. There have been 659 known suicides from the bridge; nine persons have survived the leap.

During the entire episode, Roger Grimes, 39, sat in the parking lot with a placard urging the construction of a bridge suicide barrier. He has been demonstrating alone from time to time for two years.

UNPLUGGED

This may be the gay capital of the western world but not everybody is against Prop. 6, you know. Atty. Tom Cuckle, no relation, forwards a fighting newsletter called Checkmate, published in Belmont by the Pro Family Coalition, which lists all kinds of dandy reasons for voting yes on 6. Its concluding words are especially moving. "Not every city has a Bishop Maloney (like back in St. Paul) or Anita Bryant (in Miami) to stop these types of 'aggressive' sexual deviates. In the meantime, the few parents who have held their 'fingers in the dyke' all these years could sure use a little help."

ASK ANN LANDERS re MYRA BRECKENRIDGE

TOO OLD TO PLAY DOCTOR?

Dear Ann Landers: I am 31 years old, am married and have two children. Three months ago, I took a job as a doctor's office assistant. Although I was engaged to handle the phone and do book work, I was trained to fill in for the nurse when she is occupied or absent.

Saturday, a 19-year-old boy came in for a physical. I showed him to the examination room and asked him to undress to the waist. Evidently he misunderstood. When I returned a few minutes later, he was completely nude. My first impulse was to tell him to put on his shorts, but for some reason I didn't. I went ahead and weighed and measured him, took his temperature and blood pressure.

He was somewhat embarrassed, but I enjoyed the situation immensely. The feelings I experienced were indecent, and I am ashamed of myself. Now, the worst several times this week I have caught myself daydreaming and hoping other young men would misunderstand the instructions.

I am happily married and can't understand what has come over me. Has something gone wrong with my mind? I am upset over this whole thing and any help you can give me would be deeply appreciated.

HARTFORD

Dear Hart: Everyone has fantasies and apparently you are having some delayed adolescent dilemmas. Accept them as such and stop feeling guilty. R.L. Stevenson once said, "We all have thoughts and desires that would shame hell." No truer words were ever spoken.



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DRUMMER'S SPORTSCENE

Windy City Wrestling Club

The WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB (WCWC) is a newly reorganized club based in Chicago that serves gay wrestlers from all over the Midwest area. Although we are young (reorganization occurred in June 1978 under acting-President Henry Trout), we have grown in only 3 months from our original Chicago-only members to 55 members from throughout the Midwest and beyond. This growth will enable us to better our services to clubmembers.

Primary services are 1) the WCWC Membership Directory and 2) the bi-monthly Newsletter/Update. The WCWC Membership Directory is a full listing of all active WCWC members; the Directory includes each member's name, address, telephone number, height/weight, and a brief description of his preferences in wrestling styles. Every two months, as part of the bi-monthly Newsletter/Update, the Membership Directory is updated with additions, corrections, deletions, and other changes. This provides each member with an up-to-date listing of all active members and serves as the vehicle through which members may

contact one another to arrange matches. Other information contained in the Newsletter includes announcements of meetings (both business meetings and wrestling meets) and other news of club activities.

Membership in the WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB is approximately 80% Chicagans, with members also in MI, IA, IN, OH, TX, GA, CA, etc. The members' interests in wrestling styles range from collegiate/amateur style to "freestyle," from "pro (non-competitive)" to "rough-house no-holds-barred." Every possible weight classification is represented in WCWC membership, with a slightly predominant range of 5'11" 6'1" / 160 lb 190 lb.

Services on which the club leadership is currently working to provide include:

1. Obtaining a permanent "home" to use for storing/using mats and conducting club business.
2. The sale of T-shirts with the WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB logo. Profits from the sale of T-shirts have been earmarked for the purchase of


wrestling mats, the shirts should go on sale on or before 1 November 1978.]

3. Intra-club tournaments to determine club champions in various weight groups.
4. Inter-club tournaments with the New York Wrestling Club (NYWC) and/or any/all other wrestling clubs interested in participating.
5. Social/fund-raising events (dances, bar nights, etc.)

As a precautionary measure (considering the nature of the sport), all members are strongly advised/urged to obtain personal health/accident insurance if they plan to participate.

Membership dues for the WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB are \$10.00/year. This entitles the paying member to the club's basic Membership Directory, the bi-monthly Newsletter/Update, to attend club meetings and matches, and to take advantage of other services as they become available.

Further information, contact Henry Trout, Acting-President WCWC, 18 East Elm, No. 710, Chicago, IL 60611. Telephone 312/787 4740 (ext. 6710).




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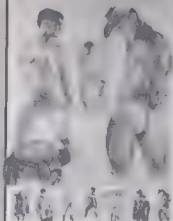


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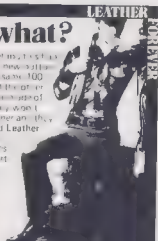


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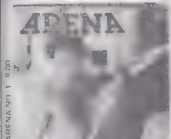
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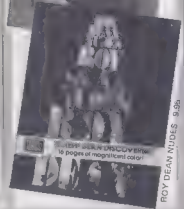
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FROM THE BOOT RACK

BY ARNELL LARSEN

COLORFUL CHARACTERS

INTERVIEWED

By Arne, Top Commander of the BAS Club

Where does one begin when writing about all those colorful characters wishing to apply for BAS membership? I don't know. I'll simply begin.

There were the romantics . . . the screwballs . . . the weird . . . and the sinners. These may be harsh words, and this may be a seeming "lumping together" of human beings who have every right to their point of view. But then, as an exclusive fetish club, we too have every right to our own point of view.

Dressed in a certain way, in front of the public I bray, alone on a deserted street even though early in the evening, you sit waiting for a car to drive up and deposit (you don't know what). You wish it to be a man, sensible, and with sexual dreams very much like your own. Here are only a few *outstanding* of the many interviews.

Interview A. He was completely leather clad. When I entered his car, a strong scent of perfume overpowered me. Long, polished fingernails were perpetually busying themselves throughout the question/answer period, either flicking nervously to dislodge ever-present cigarette ash or gently caressing a leather jacket sleeve. "What work do you do?" His response: "Well, I run a woman's boutique fashion shoppe. But I want you to know that I'm all man and very sadistic!" A pat at his hair emphasized the point. I sighed. In all fairness, he was entitled to ONE meeting . . . It was the club members themselves who would decide his fate. Fortunately for him . . . or us he never attended that first meeting. I think he may have lost his nerve. Actually, a man's occupation has nothing to do with qualification for BAS membership. As long as he's a man and conducts himself as one. Outside appearances don't often indicate if he's effeminate in bed, or wherever. Some "ribbon clerks" make the best masters. Thus does nature decree.

Interview B. Downright spooky. He was standing in the dense shadows of the bushes earlier than his appointed time. And when I thought I was alone, he stepped from behind nearby bushes and tapped me on the shoulder I felt stricken with heart failure. He was soft spoken, had wide shifting eyes, a collar was always up about his neck half hiding his face as though he was always hiding . . . frightened of the unseen or maybe frightened of himself. No word from him as of the writing. But members have

seen him driving his car with up-turned collar. Hmmm! Perhaps he hides the punctures of a vampire?

Interview C. Very sexy. Exciting. Stood me up on the first interview, then showed up at my studio for his second chance. He wore tall, polished Wellingtons. I wore cowboy boots which he greatly admired, pulling my foot up into his lap for close examination. From there we interviewed each other in a fashion, rolled about on the floor in somewhat of a wrestling position during the question and answer game. Naturally he had my recommendations as a groovy, muscular member-to-be. He was my guard during future interviews, waiting in the car while I waited on the sidewalk. He was boxer and still is.



Interview D. This one was short and pudgy, and underage. We interviewed him at his apartment where he raised hamsters, or was it guinea pigs? The scratching and ripping of paper, not to mention the smell, overwhelmed the presence of any leather. He wasn't quite sure that our club was what he needed. He thought it unnecessary to ask if he was what we wanted.

Interview E. An extremely wealthy oil magnate. He wished to see the club prosper and grow. He attended only one meeting. There were simply not enough members who shared his emotional feeling for metal horseshoe heel plates. Through his careful tutoring I gained expertise on a variety of heel-plate metals. Those that are flat you can buy in shoe repair shops. Those that come from Canada and England are a quarter of an inch high and are nailed atop a leather heel or imbedded into it. Then there are heels that are cut diametrically and one half contains imbedded steel. He enjoyed having mirrors placed strategically around him, and shoes and boots generously present so that the reflections of the heels would break up into many-mirrored facets. Although married to a woman, he kept an apartment and an office out of

which he worked and it was there that he maintained nine-tenths of his footwear collection. He procured only the most expensive brand names . . . never anything cheap. For certain favorite costly footwear he had carved ebony boxes lined with velvet to protect them. They were like miniature caskets. A fascinating personality. He was kind, and extremely generous. And yet, he was also possessed. Possessed in the sense that he heard mesages being tapped out to him in the metallic clinking of the heel plates of those persons' footwear as they passed him on the street. I'm sure it was not the shoes themselves but the wearers who were trying to communicate by those sounds. I'm sure he didn't agree.

Interview G. This one was sheer delight. Very Irish, very handsome, very masculine. He claimed in his letter of interview that long had he been a "boot-legger" (meaning that he wore boots, not that he made liquor). He wore cowboy boots, and was extremely nervous. I invited him to the studio where we had a few drinks. He relaxed more when viewing the slides, then whipped out a handful of extremely sexy color prints of himself in boots. Neither of us got anywhere, even though he did handle my boots, but he felt it was too much . . . too soon (including the booze) and we let it go at that. He wanted me to photograph his boot collection for the club files and he set up an appointment which he never kept. The second appointment was never kept either so I determined that he must have lost interest in the club. But with his good looks, he'll get along.

Interview H. The strangest figure of them all. He was the Marquis of (something or other). Claimed lineage from Tibet. A high lama of a grandfather noted for his head-chopping talent. My staff officer who accompanied me on this interview can verify this unbelievable story. Out of the car and approaching me came this slender gentleman with a gray goatee and a large silver-headed, menacing walking cane (which very likely contained a sword to be instantly withdrawn and used, should such a fleet ing desire occur). The color of the pants stuffed into the boots I have long forgotten. But those boots . . . never! They were brilliant, day-glo green cowboy boots with silver stirrups. They somewhat resembled a cowgirl's riding boots which I'm sure he must have borrowed, for he seemed unaccustomed to walking in them. His eyebrows had been cleanly shaven and repenciled in high, arching shapes. A row of gleaming medals bobbed across the front of his shirt. I introduced him to my fellow officer to whom he must have taken an instant liking because one eyebrow immediately shot upward. He was desirous that the interview be conducted in a certain restaurant where he could refresh us with tea and crumpets. We felt it might be better to conduct the interview within the confines of his car. So he drove around the block to a well lighted parking place (all the better for us to see him, undoubtedly) and began to speak of his remarkable oriental, ancestral history and the skill with which he could employ the use of certain poisons and aphrodisiacs. He questioned us about the inner work

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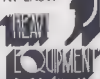
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ings of our club, seemingly visualizing his utterances with abundant hand fluttering and peculiar finger movement. Long finger nails an inch or more in length were exceeded in their ability to capture our attention only by his huge ceremonial rings. At times we bit our lips to keep from laughing, he was so amusing (and perhaps meant to be so). His medals were so large and heavy they were tearing his shirt. Taking no notice of the damage they were causing, he hastened to explain their hidden meanings. The BAS Club was totally fascinating to him, as was he to us. But before he could draw any conclusions (for he had never heard of anything like it before in his life) he insisted on seeing a segment of the slides taken at a previous meeting. This he arranged to be accomplished at the home of a muscular German friend. A few nights later, at a continuation of the interview, he wore silver pointed-toe boots. Needless to say, he was not accepted. Possibly he did not even wish to be. Nor did our host for the evening (who was much more sexually inclined) apparently wish to be accepted.

Interview I, J, and K. On and on they go. Space does not allow more for me to recall. But my staff officers had two extraordinary interviews of their own to relate.

The first one was a very handsome, very masculine stud, possibly a war veteran. I don't remember exactly what they said. He dug the boot scene, but desired us... implored us... to give him the one final sexual epitome of his life. Upon learning of it, we were (saddened?) to inform him, there was no way possible. He begged, he offered us money, he was "deadly" serious. What did he want? To be taken to a deserted place, become sexually aroused, and at the moment of climax and before ejaculation, one of us was to produce a revolver and shoot him through the head. The ultimate glorious sex scene before leaving this earth.

The second interview was a tall, willowy, very talented young man, an accomplished professional violinist. How effectively the boot club could help him materialize his most cherished desire we never cared to find out. For he wished that after giving us a recital, we would stake him out on the desert for a week-end, his violin propped up beside him where he could stare at it during his agony (could it be he truly felt his performance would warrant so cruel a reward?).

Is the masochistic ideal for self-destruction so very strong as that? I could see these as fantasy trips. But these interviews involved real trips.

Why single out the BAS Club? Possibly these individuals considered us the last stronghold of sadists... which we are not.

One important benefit we have derived from the BAS Club concerning our way of sex: "We enjoy making love to a guy's boots. The smell, the feel of a man's leathery foot gives us what we crave and need." And up goes our chins as we now say, "So what!"

Most of us never had the guts to say that before.

For all those who have sent inquiries

about me personally and the BAS Club: I am white, part Norwegian and part Navajo, with blond hair, and blue eyes. I play at both S/M roles in privacy, weigh 132 lbs., 44 years (and much too old according to some club members), 5'11", wear size 8 shoes or boots. I'm an author (buy your Drummer magazine) and western artist - cowboy scenes and Indian still lifes, with a few boot paint ings thrown in as well. Write for any further info with your phone number and a photo. Phone calls bring faster responses because secretary's slow and highly sexed, so sexy letters cause interruptions and sticky keys.

Arnell Larsen

P.O. Box 70 / La Canada, CA 91011

THE EUROPEAN (B&L) BIKE CLUB A Contribution by a BAS Club Member

Here is a brief dissertat on relative to the European Bike Club (B&L). For obvious reasons, specifics had to be omitted (i.e., names and locations). As indicated, membership is carefully controlled and participation as a guest requires a multiplicity of clearances. The presence of my H-D Electra Glide in Saltzbourg was the introductory element as they are thrilled by the size and displacement of the Milwaukee beast. A parting gift was a pair of the club breeches and boots which are virtually irreplaceable. The grandeur of the clubhouse and its ritualistic environment as presented is virtually beyond description, so what has been written is but a digest of events. Allow the imagination to soar and it will but touch lightly the orgasmic capabilities one achieves in such a rustic surrounding coupled with the pleasures derived in the midst of booted and leather encased studs in attendance. A never-to-be-forgotten series of experiences.

Fundamentally it's a motorcycle club with a very limited, select membership. All are attuned to the unique appreciation of boots demonstrated daily in their wearing as MP's, palezeis, and construction. Meetings are held bi-monthly in an old converted fieldstone farmhouse situated on the outskirts of a remote Austrian alpine village. A dominating sense of privacy and scenic splendor prevails. The tranquility is broken only by the sound of gathering motorcycles and regained with the retreat of booted feet into the structure. The arge, heavy beamed central living room is flanked on the right by bedrooms and a spacious locker room. On the left is a kitchen, utility, and a second locker room. Upon completion of the club business formalities, the members withdraw to the left or right rooms dependant on the desired role for ensuing activities. Those who exit on the right enter a spacious locker room on whose walls are a series of pegs. From each peg hangs an array of leather gear consisting of shirts, jackets, breeches, j- straps, and hooded masks arranged according to size. On a row shelf below rest a variety of highly polished boots ranging from jack to hobnail reflecting the Ger-

manic tradition. The aroma of leather and boots lay heavy, permeating every corner of the room. The ritualistic transformation begins as members disrobe from riding attire, struggle into favored leather combinations, don chosen boots and emerge as black leather studs. Full arousal is assured either by self-manipulation or the now-willing caresses of horny companions. Despite identities obscured by the donned leather masks, the hardened protrusions encapsulated by the tailored breeches is as a hallmark within the stretched skin. Adornment complete, the participants file into the main room to stand abreast. Full erections signify readiness for ensuing events. Those who retired left also emerge and align themselves on the opposite side of the room. Barren of attire except for leather jockstraps and low cut boots, they stand waiting for cue. The leathered lines advance across the room, each stud centering his attention on a chosen participant who's reaction is simply demonstrated by swollen jocks hard pressed by rising rods. The epitome of sexuality is reached, be it by boot, leather, sucking, fucking, either paired or group. Mutual concealment behind masks only serves to heighten ejaculatory capability as inbred inhibitions are forsaken by the modest cloak of obscurity. Satiation of sexual fantasy is achieved by the heavy aroma of hot leather, creaking boots, undulating fervor, and the final spurting release of the gloriously satisfied participants.

The members return to the dressing quarters to revert to street attire and to be absorbed into the realm of the work-a-day world. Lingering memory of transpired events and anticipation of the next meeting brings subtle rise and a glimmer of pleasure which makes routines of daily demands tolerable.

PAGES FROM A BOOTIST'S DIARY

It was a couple of summers ago that it happened. At night, in the city park. The arman was in the men's room, in full uniform with his pants bloused over his polished boots . . . and he was very, very drunk.

He was the only one there, fortunately, so I took the stall next to his and placed my hand on the floor under the partition, next to his boot. He gave my hand a slight kick away, so I withdrew and decided he really didn't want to play . . . though the boots were gleaming.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to fuck those boots," I answered.

"You're weird!" he replied.

Later he staggered out and found me sitting on a dark park bench, feeling (and looking) miserable.

He recognized me at once, so I assumed he was sobering up.

"How much money ya got?"

I remembered what he had called me, so I answered, "A couple of bucks."

"You want my boots, and I need another table. So here!" He sat on the table part of the bench and shoved his booted foot up into my chest . . . I was sitting below him on the bench. "Kiss my boot, fella, kiss it. That's a man's boot."

Naturally I fell on that boot like a dog on a bone.

"Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute. You're wrecking my shine, ya fuckin' kook!" He pulled the boot away, and let go with a wad of spit. Then he ground the sole of his boot into it . . . then held his foot out to me. "Here, lick my boot sole, lick my spit, you piece of dirt!"

Well, this was new to me, but since he was young and goodlooking I bent over eagerly, not caring (in my excitement) if he were to hit me over the head. My cock had a mind of its own, however, and it shot a load of cum before I could even get it out of my pants. I think I mumbled something, thrust \$3 into his hand, and beat a hasty retreat, doubly thrilled (and yet disgusted with myself for shooting that load in my pants . . . and having had to pay for it besides). Yet I knew I would gladly pay for the experience again if the chance arose.

I don't know where I went that evening, but four or five hours later I came back to the same park, possibly hoping to re-live the thrill of that experience. I was fired up again.

Naturally he wasn't on that same bench. But I heard a soft snore from the bushes close by, and as if by some chance of unbelievable luck, there he was, passed out with a half-filled bottle near him.

I was trembling, and I needed courage. I took a healthy pull from his bottle, knowing he wouldn't mind.

Then I laid down by his feet, there in the bushes, and waited to reach for his boots. I gently brushed the dirt from them, and noticed the shine was just about gone. I think it was then that I made up my mind that those boots were about to be mine.

I cautiously undid the wire that held the pants tightly about the top of his boots from inside. He kept trying to cross his legs over, and I would carefully keep them separated. His pants were getting soiled, but I didn't worry about that. The boots had ladder-lacing, which made them twice as difficult to remove. My cock was throbbing like crazy.

I got one warm boot off his foot, and crushed it to my face, smelling his warm, sweaty foot-smell . . . meanwhile yanking my cock out of my pants. I worked fast on his other boot, and got it off just as he shoved his smelly stocking foot in my face and those warm, leather boots in my hands.

"I'm sorry I'm keeping these boots, fella," I thought. But to even things up a bit, and soothe my guilty conscience, I took a \$10 bill from my wallet. I had gotten it for my birthday. Anyway, I buttoned the money into his back pocket, with the hope that he would quickly find it. I could have lifted his wallet if I were so inclined, but I had my treasures. And, in a sense, I had paid for them. I kissed his boots all the way home as I drove along in the car. And I have jacked off every time since, whenever I looked at them, or wore them.

So, he went back to the base without his boots, but I think he probably knew that it was I who had taken them.

That park was generally crowded and busy. But that night, it was reserved for me!

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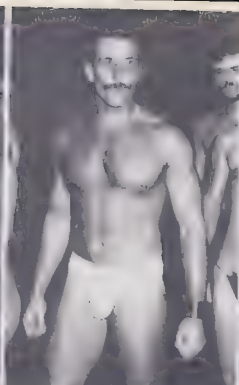
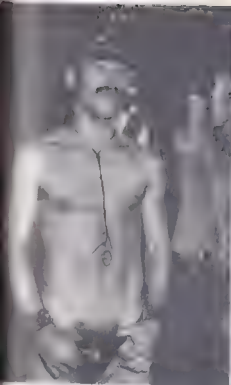
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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



CMC CARNIVAL '78

So where? Seaman's two floors of wall-to-wall wet, leathery bodies was the perfect ritual ground. The Cow Palace next? Too big — unless we either start to propagate or start to recruit. Somewhere there's a place for us

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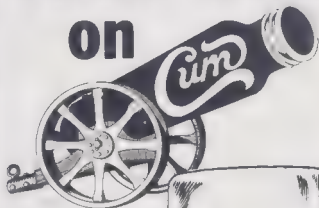
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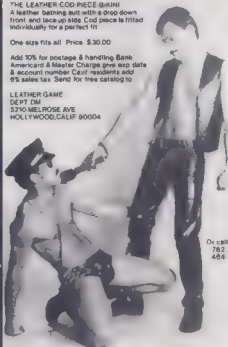
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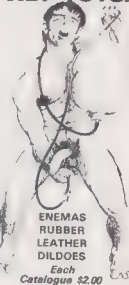
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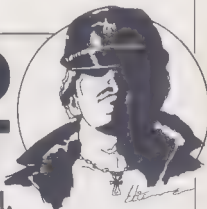
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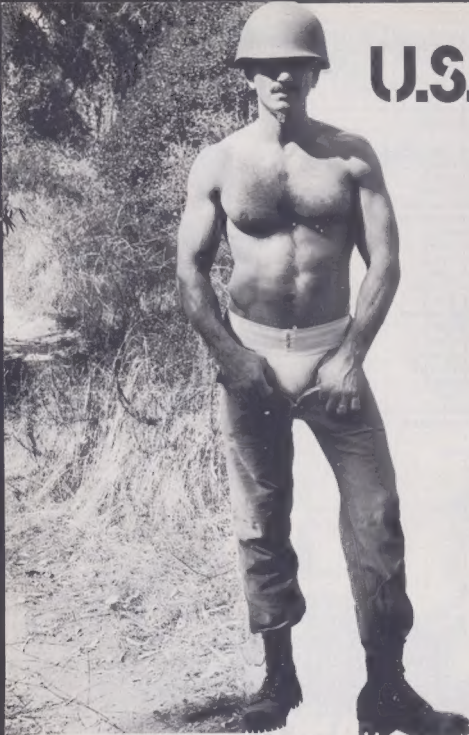


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